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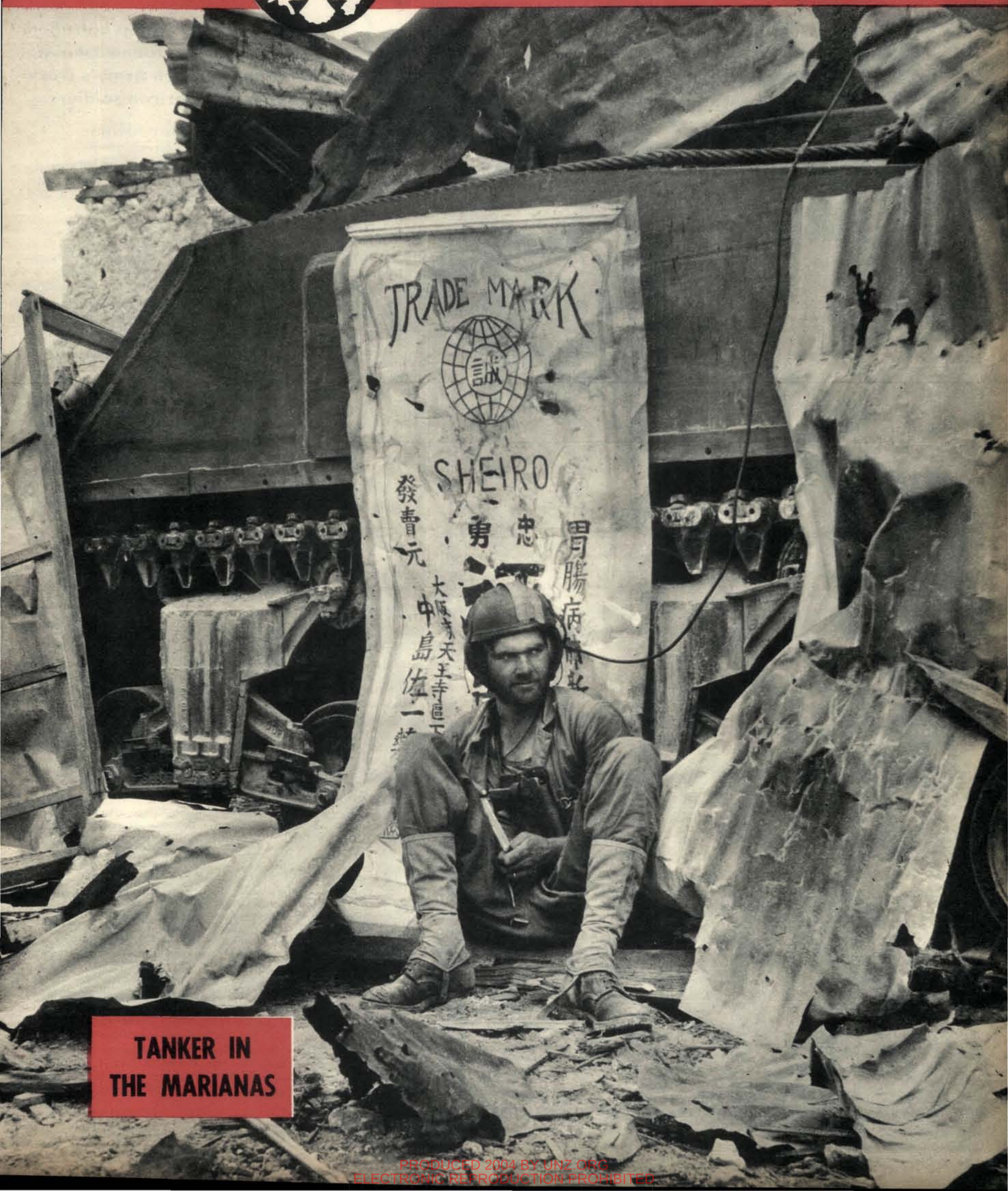
By the men . . . for the men in the service



TANKER IN THE MARIANAS

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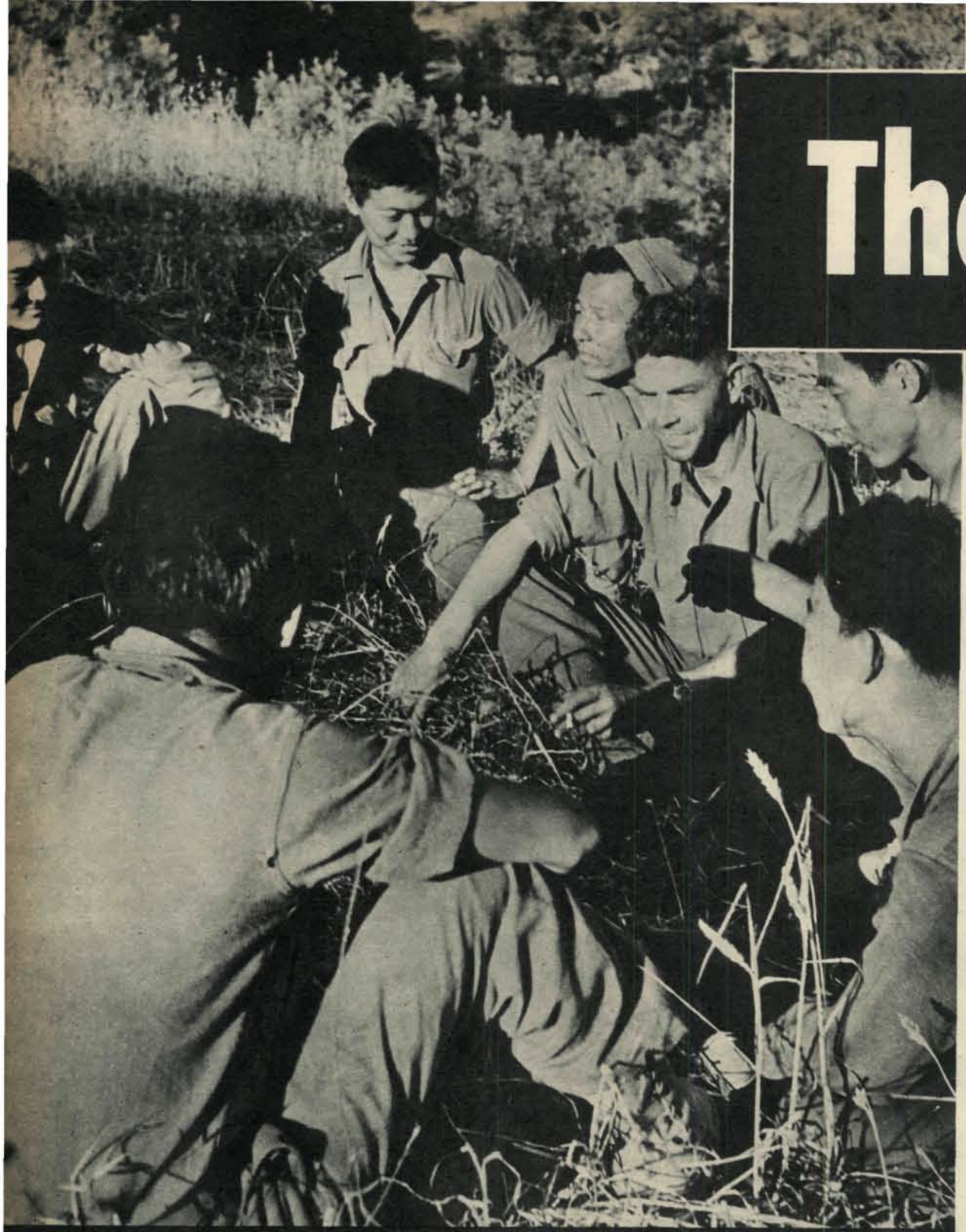
The Battle



T/Sgt. Ray J. Edwards, infantry observer with the 100th, talks over the battle with some of his friends.

In this Tuscany town, a battalion of Storm Troopers found it was no match for the Fifth Army's crack Japanese-American soldiers.

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—There are three outfits that will remember the little Tuscany town of Belvedere for a long while to come. Two of them are the American 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442d Combat Team, now spearheading the drive to the north. The other is a German *SS* battalion, the remnants of which are now spearheading a drive toward Naples and the nearest PW camp.

Both the 100th Battalion and the 442d Combat Team are composed of Japanese-Americans, many of them from Hawaii. The 442d is a recent arrival in Italy, but the 100th has been here a long, long time. The men of the 100th went in at Salerno and have since fought through almost every major action from the Volturno to Rome. In a battalion of 1,300 men they have more than 1,000 Purple Hearts.

The story of Belvedere really began after Rome fell, when the 100th was pulled out of the line and sent to bivouac in the pleasant countryside just north of the city. There it joined the 442d. It was a happy day for both outfits; most of the 100th's younger brothers, cousins and friends were in the 442d and they hadn't seen each other since shortly after Pearl Harbor, when the 100th left Hawaii for combat training in the U. S.

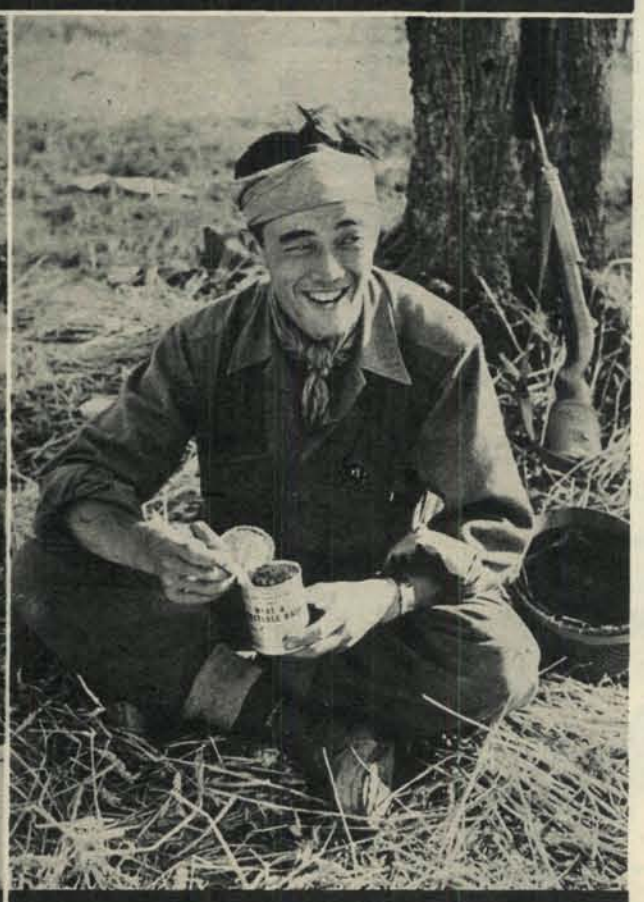
For three days the brass hats left the two outfits alone. The kids of the 442d plied their older brothers with questions of war. The older brothers, like all combat men, dodged these questions and asked questions of their own about Hawaii and their families and girls. Together the outfits visited Rome, buying souvenirs and baffling the Romans, who decided they must be Japanese prisoners. It was impossible for them to believe that these were tough, loyal Americans.

After the three days the two outfits went to work. Now the men of the 100th began to answer those questions; for 14 days they drilled the 442d, sweating with the kids from morning to night, cursing and pushing and ridiculing and encouraging them, giving the final polish that makes a man as much of a combat soldier as he can be before combat. And in the evenings they would sit around together and drink *vino* and sing their soft Hawaiian songs.

THEN on the seventeenth day after the fall of Rome the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442d Combat Team were pulled into the line, and two days later they headed for the beautiful little hilltop town of Belvedere.

The 100th was the first to go into the line. Its objective was a small town about seven miles below Belvedere. The German strategy since Rome had been to fight in pockets on each sector of the front, and the mission of the 100th was to clean up one of these rear-guard pockets. The men of the 100th did it in two days, chasing the Germans up the inland road toward Florence and meeting little resistance until they neared the valley directly before Belvedere. There they were stopped by a brace of 150-mm cannon and several self-propelled guns. The German artillery was also holding up a battalion to the right of the 100th. This battalion was trying to use a crossroad, but the Germans had it zeroed in. Division sent orders for the 100th to stop while division artillery tried to clear out the Germans.

A 100th rifleman checks the bayonet on his M1. This bayonet is the shorter, sharper new issue.



When you haven't had a single moment's break to sit down or to eat, C rations look good to you.

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When the barrage was over, the 100th was pulled out and the 442d was sent in to assault the German positions.

It didn't work. The 442d made an initial breakthrough, but that was all. The Germans counterattacked against the 442d's left flank, throwing in a mess of mortars. They pushed the 442d out of the valley and pinned the outfit down in an exposed and highly uncomfortable position in a wheatfield. Meanwhile the German artillery had moved back and was still stopping the battalion on the right of the 442d.

Back in their bivouac areas, the men of the 100th heard what was happening to the 442d and began to get itchy. The enlisted men unconsciously began to clean and oil their guns; the officers brought out their maps and began to think. Finally they held a semiofficial meeting and delegated Capt. Sakae Takahashi of B Company to go to the brass hats and tell them the outfit wanted to do something. When the captain got to the colonel and started to speak, he was cut short. "Save your breath," the colonel said. "We're hitting the road."

The 100th had orders and a mission.

THE mission was simple. All the battalion had to do was to infiltrate the German positions in the valley, the hill that Belvedere was on and the town itself; to encircle and capture the town, and cut off the main road out of Belvedere that runs north to Sasseta and Florence. That was all. Division intelligence said the position was being held by an *SS* battalion, which had an OP in the town directing artillery and mortar fire on the 442d and the battalion on its right.

A and B Companies of the 100th were assigned to assault positions, with the rest of the battalion in reserve. The jump-off was at 1200 hours. By 1300 both companies had infiltrated completely around Belvedere and were behind the town at a farm called Po Pino. The rest of the battalion dug in among the olive groves at the edge of the valley. B Company was to initiate the attack, while A Company was to rendezvous at Po Pino.

Commanding B Company was the same Capt. Takahashi who had taken the battalion's plea to the colonel. He planned the attack this way: the 1st Platoon under S/Sgt. Yeki Kobashagawa was to take the town; the 2d Platoon under Lt. James Boodry, a former Regular Army dogface from Boston, was to move on the main road leading out of town and cut it off; the 3d Platoon under Lt. Walter Johnston of New York was to cover the northern position of the company. The heavy-weapons platoon was to move with the 2d Platoon and cover the road north to Sasseta.

Sgt. Kobashagawa broke his 1st Platoon into three squads, two of which encircled Belvedere on each side while the sergeant led his squad into town. On the outskirts Kobashagawa's squad located the Jerry OP wires, which were cut by one of the point men, Pfc. Seikichi Nakayama. Then the squad moved cautiously into town. It was quiet, and the men were almost up to the modern three-story Fascist headquarters when two German machine pistols opened up on them. They ducked behind some houses and settled down to work.

Kobashagawa and two men, loaded with grenades, moved toward the big building under cover of the others. The machine pistols were located in a doctor's office on the first floor. One of the men was hit, but the sergeant and the other man got to the house next door. They tossed four grenades in the window, and the machine pistols were through. Four Germans came out of the building, and the covering fire killed three and wounded one.

That left about 20 Germans in the building. They started to retreat the back way and out of

Pvt. Henry (Slim) Nakamora smiles happily as he rests his hands on his hard-working bazooka. With this bazooka, operating the two-man weapon by himself, Slim was able to knock out a German Pz KW IV tank.

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A battered GI radio brings home and Hawaii closer.

town toward the valley. They fought from house to house and then ducked over a ravine and down into the valley. The two squads encircling the town caught some of these Germans coming out of the ravine.

When Kobashagawa's platoon assembled again at the edge of town, it ran into machine-gun fire from a German half-track located in front of one of the valley farmhouses. The platoon could also hear the noise of a battle opening up to the right. Kobashagawa decided to dig in and call for mortar support before jumping the farmhouse.

THE mortar support didn't come. The heavy-weapons platoon had discovered a nice reverse slope and set up there to cover the road to Sasseta. The platoon was about to open up on some Germans trying to make a get-away when the point squad of the 2d Platoon, preceding the weapons platoon, arrived at the edge of the hill and practically ran into the four German 155s that had been firing on the 442d and its flank battalion. The Germans had just moved into this new position and were preparing to fire.

They never did. Lt. Boodry, commanding the platoon, had Cpl. Hidenobu Hiyane, communications man, get the weapons platoon on the radio. Cpl. Hiyane contacted T/Sgt. M. Nakahara and gave him the essential data. Their conversation must have sounded terrifying if any Germans were listening—it was conducted in a personal code, combining Hawaiian dialect with Japanese and American slang.

The plan worked all right. While Lt. Boodry and his platoon moved in on the German battery with carbines and M1s, the weapons platoon cut loose with its mortars. In five minutes 18 Germans had been killed and all four of the 155s were out of action.

The Germans knew they were encircled now and tried to make a break up the main road toward Sasseta. Capt. Takahashi ordered the 3d Platoon to move up and cover the flank of the 2d Platoon. He told both rifle platoons and the weapons platoon to hold their fire until the Germans made a break, which sooner or later they had to do. And they did.

Seventeen of their amphibious jeeps loaded with Jerries swung out of an olive grove and headed hell-bent for Sasseta. The three platoons let them get onto the road and then let them have it. All 17 jeeps were knocked out. Two light machine guns manned by Sgt. K. Yoshimoto and Sgt. Nakahara accounted for most of the damage, and the riflemen picked off the Germans as they ran from the jeeps.

Right after that, four German trucks filled with men broke from the olive grove and tried to swing around the knocked-out jeeps. The first two made it, but the other two were stopped. Lt. Boodry picked out one driver with his carbine, and one of his riflemen got the other. The trucks piled up in the middle of the road, blocking it effectively and preventing any further German escape. "The next half-hour," says Pvt. Henry (Slim) Nakamora, a bazookaman of the 2d Platoon, "that valley was like a big box of chocolates and us not knowing which piece to take first."

The rest of the Germans retreated to the grove and dug in. Sgt. Kobashagawa's platoon on top of the hill picked off a few of them. The sergeant was good and sore about not getting his mortar support and kept calling for it, but the mortars were needed somewhere else. Capt. Takahashi had decided to make a frontal attack on the farmhouse with the 3d Platoon. The 1st Platoon was assigned to keep the Germans busy in the grove, while the 2d Platoon was to knock off any snipers who might have come up the road on the platoon's flank. The captain also sent a request back to battalion for more ammo. The supply was running low.

When the Germans in the farmhouse saw the 3d Platoon moving toward them, they opened fire. The 3d returned the fire, aided by elements of the 1st and 2d Platoons, and moved in and around the farmhouse. There was a German half-track there, with two Germans working its machine gun. Cpl. Toshio Mizuzawa, who had plopped a rifle grenade into the back seat of a jeep earlier in the day, scored another basket when he dropped one into the half-track and rendered it highly ineffective.

This was enough for the occupants of the farmhouse. They came out with their hands up. One of the prisoners spoke English and asked Lt. Johnston about his platoon: "These men are Mongolians, yes?"

"Mongolians, hell," the lieutenant said. "Hasn't Hitler told you? These are Japanese. Japan has surrendered and is fighting on our side now."

The German was a little skeptical until three of the dogfaces gathered around and solemnly intoned: "Tojo no good. Hitler no good. Roosevelt good. *Banzai!*" That convinced him.

SGT. KOBASHAGAWA had seen the Germans reforming in the olive grove and had spotted a PzKW IV tank there. He relayed this information to Capt. Takahashi, who didn't exactly relish the idea of running into a tank with so little ammo. The captain sent an urgent call for A Company and ordered the 3d Platooon back to the reverse slope to join the weapons platoon, leaving a patrol to scout the area. The patrol consisted of Sgt. A. Governagaji and Pfc. Taneyshi Nakana, working as a BAR team, and Pvt. Nakamora with his bazooka. Snipers tried to get them but were silenced by Lt. Boodry and a squad from his platoon. Boodry shot one sniper out of a tree from 150 yards with his carbine. "He fell out of a tree and just looked at me as if he was surprised," Boodry says. "I was surprised, too. I didn't think a carbine was accurate at that distance. I moved in a little closer and hit him four more times."

Then the German counterattack started. The tank rolled out of the olive grove and started up the slope. It was followed by a half-track, and behind that were some soldiers with two light machine guns and what was left of a rifle company. Sgt. Governagaji of the patrol crawled over to Pvt. Nakamora and asked him if he wanted to take a crack at the tank with his bazooka.

"Yeah," said Pvt. Nakamora, who is a man of few words.

Sgt. Governagaji nodded and started to crawl back to his position. On the way he was hit by a slug from the tank. Then the tank bounced into view about 15 yards from Nakamora. He aimed, fired and hit the tank right in the belly. He reloaded and hit it in the same place. The tank moved about 10 yards and blew up. The concussion knocked out Nakamora and killed Sgt. Governagaji who was lying about 10 feet away. Two Germans started out of the tank, but Pfc. Nakana, working the BAR alone, got both of them before they were halfway out of the turret.

The weapons platoon on the slope took care of the half-track, knocking off its tread. The 2d Platoon had run out of ammunition and withdrawn; the weapons platoon had one box of machine-gun ammo left. Now the German rifle company with the two machine guns started up the hill. The dogfaces didn't know what they were going to do, but they hadn't counted on Nakana with his BAR. Nakana waited until the Germans were within 50 yards, then knocked out the four Jerries carrying the two machine guns. The rest of the rifle company hightailed it back to the olive grove. The counterattack was over.

AFTER that the 100th mopped up. B Company called it a day; A Company moved through and chased the retreating Germans among the olive groves and up and down the ravines. When B Company took stock they found they had one box of ammo left in the company. It was now 1600 hours.

In the valley of Belvedere lay 84 dead Germans; headed for the rear were 32 prisoners and 29 wounded Jerries. By 1900 hours A Company had accounted for 26 more German dead, 18 prisoners and 9 wounded. The box score on Jerry equipment was 13 motorcycles, 19 jeeps, 7 trucks, 2 half-tracks, 1 PzKW IV tank, 1 SP gun, 2 anti-tank guns, 4 155-mms, 1 radio CP and 1 battalion CP with 20 telephones.

The 100th lost one man and had eight wounded. The next morning the outfit was relieved. It bivouacked that day with the 442d. There was a lot of razzing between the two outfits.

After a couple of days both of them went back into the line.

His Hawaiian dialect on the radio confuses Jerry.

Like GIs everywhere, the 100th relaxes with poker.

Pfc. Nakana cleaning his favorite weapon, a BAR.

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Return of the Ru

[illegible] those pris- [illegible] service with [illegible] for Hitler, [illegible] alive and [illegible] opportunity [illegible] France. [illegible] record of [illegible] Allied lines.

1. Cpl. Sansjiar Waliulin, Russian soldier who escaped from forced service with Nazis, writes a leaflet urging his fellows to follow him to Yank lines.

2. A Russian GI who got across displays one of the leaflets.

3. Pvt. Dmitri Biakin, another Russian who responded to leaflet.

4. Pvt. Biakin volunteers to cross the lines again to persuade other Russians to come over to Allies. He is blindfolded while in the Allied zone.

5. S/Sgt. Walter Strauss helps Pvt. Biakin into a jeep. The jeep will take him near German lines. Leaving it, he will head for his old battalion.

6. Pvt. Biakin's mission works. These Russians killed their German noncoms. Then Pvt. Biakin guided them back to surrender behind Allied lines.

7. In Allied hands the information of the Russians proves valuable. Here they locate German positions on a map for American officers and noncoms.

8. Escaped from Nazi peonage and propaganda, they can find out what's going on in the world. Sgt. Kenny introduces them to a copy of YANK.

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Yanks Train Brazilian Squadron

By Sgt. JOHN HAY
YANK Staff Correspondent

BRAZILIAN CPL. CYRO CAMPOS AND HIS YANK COUNTERPART, S/SGT. JOHN W. NOLES, RUN THE MESS.

PANAMA — "Awright, let's break it up and speak English."

Pvt. Clinton Carney of Los Angeles, Calif., was holding the morning English lesson for Brazilian air force officers.

"The lieutenant asks the meaning of 'It's no skin off my nose,'." Carney began. "Well, that's colloquial—slang. It means, 'That doesn't bother me.' Get it?"

And again: "No, captain. You cannot say: 'I have *not* money.' Say: 'I have *no* money.'"

The class was being held at a fighter-squadron base in a lonely area in Panama, where Brazilian officers and men were going through an intensive three-month course taught by Americans. They were the first squadron to get that kind of training, and war was their destination. They knew they had a tough job ahead, for Brazil would soon be sending an expeditionary force to Europe.

The men of the Brazilian and American squadrons, in spite of the handicap of language, had learned to work, eat and live together. It didn't take long to get the difference in their ways of life ironed out. There were a few things for the Yanks to learn, such as Brazilian army regulations and insignia, but the training was being done from the American end and in English as much as possible. All of the officers and most of the men were members of the regular army when they came up from Brazil. Some of them had received a month of special training and indoctrination in the States.

When the Panama period of training began, every Brazilian slated to become a combat pilot, mechanic, mess sergeant or clerk had a trained American to teach him the job. They worked side by side, and as the weeks went by and the Brazilians learned to handle the job by themselves, the Yanks turned from being teachers to being supervisors, until finally the Brazilians were functioning on their own.

As they worked together, the squadrons got to know each other better. The American GIs learned the Brazilian ranks—pfc, corporal, third sergeant, second sergeant and first sergeant, designated by one to five stripes with points extending downward. They discovered that the Brazilians preferred coke and orange pop to beer at the non-coms' club, that they liked their chicken stewed instead of fried and their rice fried instead of boiled. Both squadrons ate at the same tables and shared the same chow.

The Brazilians, for their part, came to know the meaning of that dread phrase: "Report to the mess sergeant at 0630 on the days assigned above." In Portuguese, it's *"Apresentar-se ao Cabo do Rancho at 6:30 horas nos dias designados,"* but it still means KP.

Outside the orderly room there were two bulletin boards with notices tacked up in two languages that meant the same thing. Inside there were two first sergeants—A. H. Catowski of Trenton, N. J., and Jota Brasileiro of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. They meant the same thing, too. You can get restricted in any language.

When we visited the airfield, a flight of planes was getting ready to take off while other P-40s wheeled in overhead. In the control tower the Brazilian officer in charge was giving take-off instructions. Four American and six Brazilian non-coms were going over flight schedules, looking at landing gear through field glasses as the planes came over the field and checking the modulation of the transmitters. Sgt. Lee Brooks of Chicago, Ill., NCO in charge of the tower, was working smoothly with 2d Sgt. Sergipe J. Valente, who had learned his own job well and now made sure that the other Brazilians did theirs.

In the ordnance shops, the motor pool, the hangars, it was much the same story. The Brazilians had benefited by North American efficiency and ingenuity, but they were good pupils and had learned to do things well. Now these officers and men of Brazil's first combat squadron were getting ready to take over. They would give a good account of themselves.

It's Hotter'n Hell at Andimeshk

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

DESERT DISTRICT, IRAN—A GI died at Andimeshk post here and went to hell.

"Where were you last stationed?" asked the Devil.

"Andimeshk," replied the GI.

"Oh," said the Devil sympathetically. "In that case you'd better rush over to the supply sergeant and draw your woolen underwear and winter overcoat."

They don't publish the temperature at Andimeshk, but estimates of the summer heat range from 130 to 180 degrees, with most of the soldier vote favoring the higher figure. Worst thing is that it's almost that hot at night, making it hard to sleep. An old-time GI resident of this desert hot box will pour a canteen of water onto his mattress, then lie down in it and try to get to sleep before the water evaporates.

KPs have four meals a day to deal with at Andimeshk — the usual three, plus cold fruit juices and snacks at 0930. This breaks up the work day, which runs from 0530 to 1300 for most of the men; it's murder to work in the afternoon.

Metal subjected to this red-hot sun has caused many a flesh burn. Your dog tags will sear your chest in the short walk from barracks to mess hall. Yet the men here do heavy work, packing supplies for Russia. Most of them, like T/Sgt. Joseph E. Dionne, S/Sgt. Milton Kaplan, T-4 Peter Farkas, T-4 Edward A. Marusa, Cpl. Edward G. Rice and Pfc. Carl C. Miller, are spending their second summer here.

The occasional breeze hits you like a blast from a steel furnace, and the heat plays strange tricks. Some types of soap just melt away, vaseline turns to liquid and shaving cream crumbles.

Andimeshk is practically in the suburbs of Dizful, "the City of the Blind," hottest inhabited spot on earth. Dizful is one Believe-It-or-Not place that lives up to its billing.

To avoid the heat, the people of this ancient city long ago went underground. All the mysterious functions of a Persian city are performed in a labyrinth of caves many feet below the earth's surface. The wealthier the people are, the deeper they can afford to dig, and there is a saying in Dizful that "the robes of the rich rest on Noah's waters." Many of the inhabitants never come up into the daylight. More than half are at least partially blind—some because of disease, some because of their long stay below the earth.

Other Army posts in the Persian desert are almost as hot as Andimeshk. As one GI put it: "To my mind, when it gets over 150 degrees it doesn't make much difference."

And nature kicks up other annoyances for these camps. Ahwaz has almost daily duststorms, and the American soldiers who unload supply ships at the important port of Khorramshahr often labor through sandstorms that blot out the sun. At Bandur Shapur it's the humidity and stench that get you.

The summer heat is even too much for the flies. When the troops first hit this waste area the natives greeted them with these heartening words: "In July the flies die; in August Johnny dies." But thanks to sun helmets, salt tablets and numerous heat-stroke centers, the medics have kept heat casualties at a minimum.

Andimeshk must be unique in one respect. It is probably the only place in the world where the American soldier is denied his one inalienable privilege—the right to sweat it out.

At Andimeshk perspiration dries as it leaves the pores—you can't sweat.

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THESE VIRGIN ISLANDERS, REPORTING FOR INDUCTION, WILL SOON BE WEARING UNCLE'S KHAKI.

Virgin Islanders Get Their Greetings

By Sgt. DONALD COOKE
YANK Staff Correspondent

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS — In the quiet streets of Charlotte Amalie and in the drowsy hamlets that nestle among the mountains on St. Croix, war seemed far away. The Virgin Islanders, who are U. S. citizens, watched military construction projects spring up, but they could not feel any personal kinship to the armed forces sent to protect their homes. The law had omitted Virgin Islanders from Selective Service.

There were some who protested. Local newspapers came out strongly for extension of the law to this territory. In the forefront of the campaign was Ariel Melchior, Negro editor of the Charlotte Amalie *Daily News*. As early as 1940, his editorials asked that his countrymen be given an equal opportunity to serve with other Americans.

A few men who were able to find passage to the States or to Puerto Rico enlisted within the jurisdiction of the law but most of them went on with their quiet island life.

Then on Oct. 26, 1943, President Roosevelt signed a proclamation that brought a change to St. Croix, St. John and St. Thomas. Selective Service had come at last to the Virgin Islands.

In November registration began. Proclamations and notices appeared in public places. The newspapers ran extras. And in the streets of Charlotte Amalie, in the hamlets on St. Croix and St. John, knots of workers gathered about the notices, read them aloud to one another, shouted to passing acquaintances. Through the grapevine the word spread quickly into the hills.

The machinery moved slowly. It was not until January 1944 that the system for induction had been worked out. By March draft boards were ready to operate. In April, Superintendent of Education C. Frederick Dixon, in charge of Selective Service under Gov. Charles Harwood, was ready to call up the first registrants.

The first group of V.I. draftees left for the reception center in Puerto Rico early in July. By that time 149 men from St. Thomas and 62 from St. Croix had entered the service as volunteers.

There are about 3,600 registrants in the Virgin Islands, and though the population is small, officials here do not believe Selective Service will cause any hardship in industry or agriculture. It may in fact help absorb unemployment. Induction of Virgin Islanders began at a time when the boom in early war construction was beginning to slacken and when the Islands' populations were increasing as outside labor arrived.

Some of the V.I. GIs found themselves in uniform before they realized what was happening. In this happy corner of the world, speed is not the custom, and when the islanders reported for their physicals, they had no idea that when Uncle Sam said "immediate induction," he meant just that. As a result, Selective Service headquarters was besieged by telephone calls from men who wanted toothbrushes, soap and razor blades so they could ship out within 24 hours.

V.I. GIs are the only soldiers in the Army who go "overseas" virtually on the day of their induction. The reception center for this area is located in Puerto Rico, so the Virgin Islander can usually count on taking a boat ride only a few hours after his acceptance into the service. Most of the men of St. Thomas and St. Croix have never left their home islands before; some have not ventured beyond their immediate settlement.

The percentage of illiteracy here is low, and less than 2 percent of the registrants have been rejected for this reason. Education began here in early colonial days when Moravian religious schools were established. Compulsory education was established under Danish royal decree 10 years before the first compulsory school-attendance law was enacted in the U. S.

The only blot on the Virgin Islands' Selective Service program so far has been the failure of some draftees to report on the proper dates. Usually this is not because of any lack of patriotism or enthusiasm on the part of the natives. Most of the men simply didn't receive their "greetings," because they never looked for their mail at General Delivery. In this corner of the world, news is often passed by word of mouth and the islanders who live back in the hill country aren't used to mail service.

To meet this difficulty, the local draft boards use large blackboards. Whenever draft notices are being sent out, the blackboards carry warnings: "All 1-As look in the post office for cards."

Even so, some of the Virgin Islanders are still surprised when they are ordered for induction. One selectee stammered to the sergeant: "But look, boss, I want to get married tonight." The sergeant scratched his head. "Okay," he said. "You can get married tonight. But be back tomorrow morning. You're shipping out then." The newly made private grabbed his pass and ran all the way to his fiancee. Married that night, he shipped overseas in the morning.

Haggler

NIGERIA, AFRICA—If T/Sgt. Rudy Massara's old boss back in that New York shop where he used to sell draperies knew what Rudy is doing here, he'd probably turn an apoplectic red and scare out his very posh customers.

Rudy talks to a king every day now and is responsible for Yanks in his camp enjoying T-bone steak, fresh chicken and fresh eggs. It came about this way:

One day the mess sergeant fell sick. Cooks were bellowing for food but the cupboards were bare. The mess officer had set a high standard, because in the jungle food is about all a guy can look forward to. He didn't want to hammer open K rations or fall back on Spam. Rudy, who had been studying the difficult *Hausa* language of the natives for 10 months, asked for a try at doing the marketing.

Two hours later Rudy sent back for three trucks, and soon they clattered into camp, humped with food. From that day Rudy has been the fair-haired boy. Now it's his regular assignment to haggle with the natives in the open market. If he figures one is trying to cheat him he splutters to the king of the market. Usually he gets an apology and the food at a reasonable price.

The native hawkers know the GI merchant, call him by name and respect his shrewdness in driving a bargain. Rudy pays 8 cents a pound for beef, including T-bone steak; 16 cents each for hens; 12 cents for a rooster; 10 cents a dozen for fresh eggs.

His campmates are convinced Rudy should be awarded the Legion of Something-or-Other, especially if there is any truth in that old business about an army marching on its stomach.

—Sgt. JACK DENTON SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

THE man at rest is Cpl. Thomas O'Neal, 2d Marine Division. He is sitting in front of his M4 tank in the town of Garapan on the island of Saipan after the Japs had been wiped out. Tin roofs and signs provide some makeshift camouflage for the tank. YANK's Sgt. Bill Young made the picture.

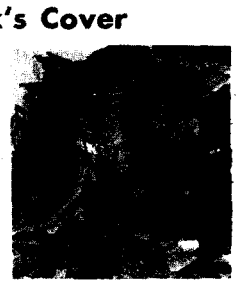

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Bill Young. 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. George Aarons. 5—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 6—AAF. 7—Upper, Sgt. Don Cooke; lower, Signal Corps. 8—Sgt. Dillon Ferris. 10—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 11—Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 12 & 13—Sgt. Aarons. 16—Sgt. Kenny. 17—Left, Acme; right, YANK. 18—Left, PRO, ATC, Miami, Fla.; right, PRO, Bryan Field, Tex. 19—Upper left, Stark General Hospital, S. C.; upper right, AAFTC, Lowry Field, Colo.; center right, PRO, Camp Adair, Oreg.; lower center, Signal Corps, Camp Kohler, Calif.; lower right, PRO, Scott Field, Ill. 20—United Artists. 21—Upper left, Paramount Pictures; upper center, General Amusement Corporation; lower center, 20th Century-Fox; upper right, Columbia Pictures. 23—Upper, Sgt. Aarons; lower, Sgt. Bob Ghio.

ROOKIE VETERAN. Lois Kenomix of St. Paul, Minn., joins the WAC in London as a pfc. Recently she transferred from the Women's Auxiliary Air Force of the RAF where she'd been serving for almost three years.

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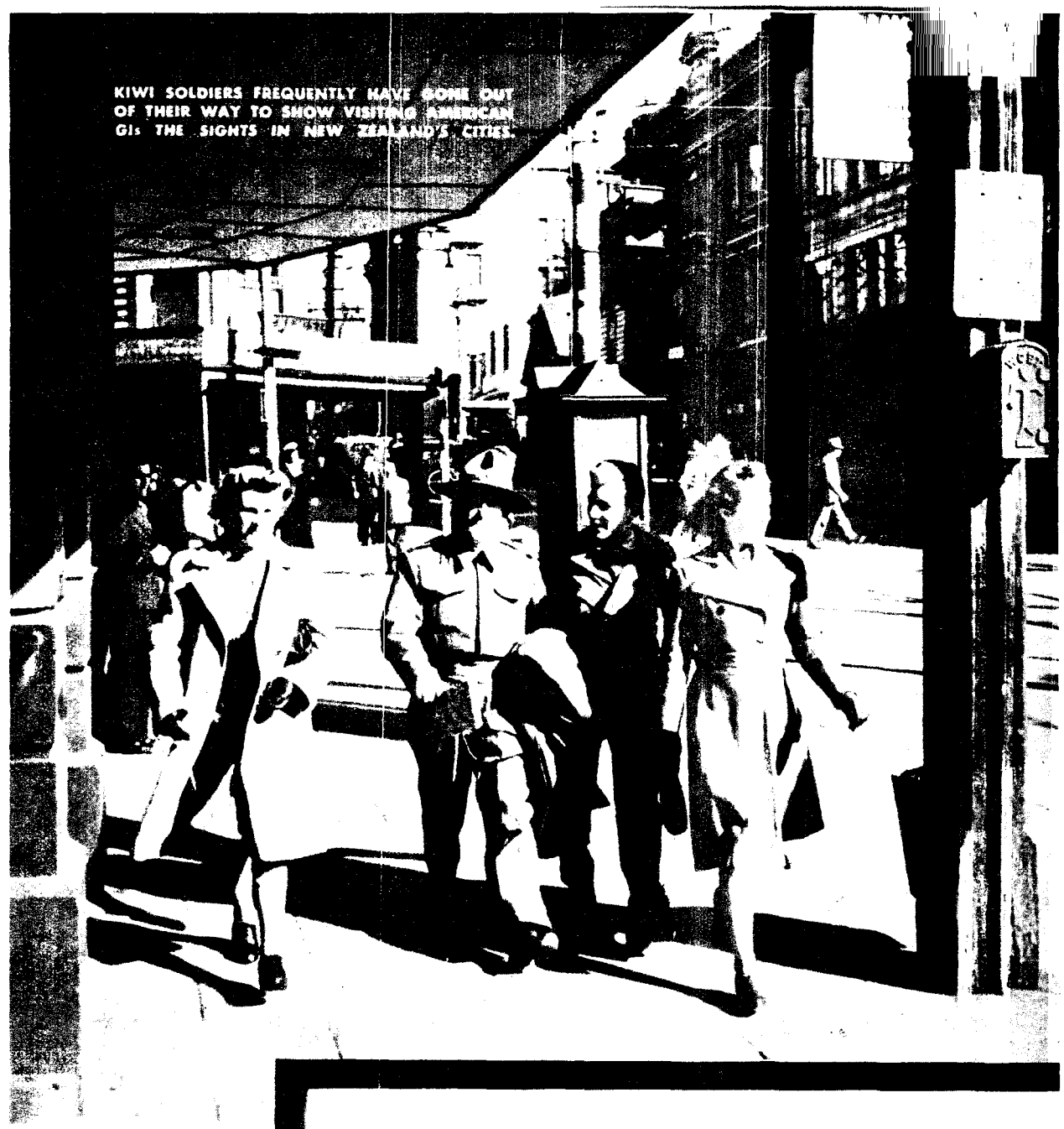
SWITZERLAND

Plenty of American soldiers and marines have "fought the battle of Queens Street," resting up in New Zealand after combat.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent



KIWI SOLDIERS FREQUENTLY HAVE GONE OUT OF THEIR WAY TO SHOW VISITING AMERICAN GIs THE SIGHTS IN NEW ZEALAND'S CITIES.

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND—Tens of thousands of American troops have visited New Zealand, forgetting the war and just enjoying themselves in this handsome, good-hearted country off close to the end of nowhere.

When we visited New Zealand, a division was here on rest leave after many months of service 2,000 miles away in the Solomon Islands. There was also a stream of combat crews on nine-day breaks from the air war "up north."

The reaction of the division troops after the townless tropical islands was typical. "For the first two days," said one GI, "we just stood on the corners with our mouths open." Some went up to the buildings and felt them. Others luxuriously rubbed their shoes on the sidewalks of Queens Street, Auckland's main drag. The New Zealanders call them "footpaths," but to these GIs they were the first sidewalks in a year.

The Yanks filled their ears with the delicious sounds of the city with its streetcars and busses. They stared at the girls, the old folks and the little children. Some Yanks soaked themselves under hot showers, their first real baths after months of cold ones out of gasoline drums. Others had their shoes shined, rode in elevators and sniffed with delight the odor of tar on sunny pavements (coral roads have no smell).

Still others hit the Queens Street hamburger shops, killed three or four and left with a bagful. Hamburgers are one Americanism that New Zealand has adopted in a big way. Hot dogs, however, are still unknown. When T-4 Joe Reilly Jr. of Bristol, Conn., divisional athletic director, told a New Zealand sportsman that he had to get hot dogs for a field day, the Kiwi looked blank for a moment and then grinned. "Hot dogs," he said. "Oh, you mean hamburgers, don't you?"

Milk shakes were once few and far between, even though this is a leading dairying country, but now the visitors found milk bars everywhere—with all the milk shakes, straight milk, ice cream and banana splits an American could consume. After a jungle year of powdered and evaporated milk, the real kind ran neck and neck with beer as the favorite GI drink.

There was no shortage of beer either, so a little pub-crawling was part of many GI schedules. New Zealand beer is so much heavier it makes the States-side brew look anemic. Bottled beer comes in quarts.

GI chow in New Zealand seemed so good to Cpl. Jack String of Upper Darby, Pa., that he said "a guy's a damn fool not to stay in camp and eat." Besides fresh tomatoes and lettuce, a quart of milk per man per day and undehydrated eggs once a week, there was all the ice cream you could eat, from one to four or more times weekly. The Navy in Auckland's Domain Park undoubtedly held the record—ice cream 14 times a week with pie and cake, too.

Casuals, such as the air crews, could suit themselves about staying in a camp or taking off to hotels or private residences. The people of New Zealand—in the cities, on the farms and on the great sheep ranches (or "stations")—opened their homes to thousands of American servicemen. And, since the currency exchange is in an American's favor, hotel bills were small—$1.65 to $3 a day, meals included.

The Special Service camp at Western Springs, five minutes from downtown Auckland, seemed like a yardbird's dream. There was no cleaning and no KP, and your beds were made for you. There was a Red Cross cafeteria instead of a mess hall and a bar where you could get beer or sodas. There were tennis and badminton courts, a golf course and a swimming pool. Dates were permitted at all these places.

Uniforms in need of cleaning and pressing could be swapped at Special Service for fresh ones.

Automobiles were scarce, but Special Service helped line them up. Rentals were about the same as in the States, $4 a day. The gasoline ration was only five gallons a week, since all gas must be shipped in from the States, but if a GI was taking a drive down to the hot springs at Rotorua or was off on a honeymoon trip Special Service would get more coupons for him.

Requests for extra gas for marriage trips were quite frequent. In the 11 months the Marines were in Wellington before invading Tarawa, there were 600 to 800 marriages, and in the first two weeks after the division we were with reached New Zealand, there were 23 marriage applications. In a number of cases, the soldiers had met the girls on the division's previous visit to the country and the two had corresponded through the New Georgia campaign.

Such practices as sending "posies worth a quid ($3.30)," taking cabs, getting the best reserved seats at the movies and hitting Auckland's numerous American-style night clubs have made the average beat-up GI a glamorous character in the eyes of many New Zealand girls. This is particularly so among those in their late teens, most of whom are in the throes of the jitterbug craze and ardent fans of Artie Shaw.

About 30,000 New Zealand girls volunteered to serve as dance partners and dates for GIs. While we were there, Auckland had four or five free dances a night, and there were picnics, hay rides, steak fries and beach parties. The night clubs might as well have been States-side—hot, swingy and noisy. Dances at Auckland's Town Hall gave GIs the added fun of learning local favorites like the spot dance and Monte Carlo.

Not the least of New Zealand's joys are its climate and sports facilities. Compared with the coral fields on which Reilly ran his softball, volleyball and basketball leagues on New Georgia, the grass fields and wooden indoor courts of New Zealand seemed like a dream. Track events like dashes, relays and jumps had been out of the question in the heat of the Tropics, but there were plenty of entries for the regimental and divisional field days Reilly arranged here.

New Zealand is about as far south of the Equator as the States are north of it, so the seasons are about the same, though in reverse. The farther south you go in New Zealand, the colder it gets. North Island, on which Auckland and Wellington are located, has a climate like that of San Francisco, cool in winter (July and August) but never snowy. South Island, whose principal city is Christchurch, has winter skiing.

Golf got a heavy play from the GIs although golf balls were very scarce. The clubs chipped in a few. "Two bob six" (40 cents) was the very reasonable fee on commercial courses, while many private clubs welcomed GIs as guests. Tennis was another favorite. Three pence (pronounced "thruppence" and worth a nickel) was the commercial charge for a half hour and many private courts were free.

With all this, New Zealand has more. The open season on deer is year round, and in some places deer are so numerous a bounty is paid for killing them. There are so many millions of rabbits that they "spray out in front of you like flying fish." Forty or 50 miles outside Wellington there is wild-pig shooting and, although ammunition stocks are low, many a GI spent his whole furlough hunting them as a change from Japs. Fishing is legendary; trout have hit 27 pounds.

Another popular way of forgetting the war was to hire out as a farmhand. When the New Zealand Land Girls, who wear very short shorts, couldn't cope with the bumper crop of beans, peas, cabbage and cauliflower at the Pukekohe government gardens last Christmas (the season's first harvest), GIs rallied round in fine form.

Before going south, many a GI changed his jungle sun-tans for ODs, borrowing them from the Special Service supply. To a man whose blood has been thinned by the Tropics it feels much cooler in New Zealand than it does to the few GIs lucky enough to be permanently stationed here.

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Many GIs enjoyed most of all getting out in the countryside and meeting the New Zealanders. The Yanks learned that a dairyman is a "cow cocky," a tow car is a "break-down wagon," a thrill is a "buzz," a hot argument is "a fair dinkum go," and to travel fast is "to go flat out." Everything that is the real McCoy is "dinkum," and the sheep auctioneer in Christchurch will interrupt his semi-intelligible chant of "18 bob, 18 bob, 18½, one sovereign" to draw the lips back from the strong teeth of a sheep and cry "a dinkum mouth!"

ALMOST every house in the country has a red metal roof, with here and there a green or orange one. War cut off the supply of green and orange, leaving red practically unchallenged.

Most dwellings are one-story bungalows with three to five rooms, and the residential sections of Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch could be set down in the small towns of northern New Jersey, southern Illinois or west Texas without seeming out of place.

Americans note that plumbing fixtures aren't up to American standards. Hotels have communal bathrooms and even the better Christchurch suburban homes are apt to have outhouses.

To coffee-minded Americans the tea situation looms large. The Auckland-Wellington express, best train in the country, stops four times in the afternoon and evening for tea, and no matter how fast you sprint for the station waiting room, the New Zealand passengers are always four deep ahead of you, ordering tea and meat pies.

Despite this fondness for tea, New Zealand is undoubtedly one of the few places in the world where you are likely to be invited for tea and then be served everything but tea—a full course dinner of mutton, potatoes and pudding, for instance. The evening meal is called tea even if no tea is actually served.

In a New Zealand home you may be asked to sing around the piano in the evening. The songs are mostly American, with only an occasional tune from England—"Down by the Old Mill Stream," "Oh, Promise Me," "Girl of My Dreams" and maybe "John Peel." Then the hostess is apt to swing out with some Fats Waller jive.

American songs sometimes make little sense in New Zealand, but they are sung anyway "for the music." Years ago, one Christchurch grandmother recalls, New Zealanders sang: "Will you love me in December as you do in May?" Translated in terms of New Zealand weather, that New York ditty meant nonsensically: "Will you love me when I become young just as you do now that I am old?" And New Zealanders dutifully joined Irving Berlin in "dreaming of a White Christmas" even though they knew they could dream for the next thousand years without getting snow on Christmas.

The same goes for American movies. When a singing short called "Songs From the South of You" appeared on a Christchurch theater screen, the audience wasn't surprised when, instead of penguin tunes, they got Mexican music. Mexico is not south but northeast of New Zealand, but everyone is used to the confusion.

One Christchurch girl said she "couldn't get over it" when she learned that movie houses in the States run continuous performances. In Christchurch, suburban movies run only one show a day, and the city theaters have shows only at 2 P.M. and 8 P.M. with a "shopper's special" at 5 P.M. on Fridays. Most films are American, and sometimes the gags fall flat.

Even such a humdrum commodity as bread has its differences in New Zealand. Grocers do not speculate on the perishable stuff; if you want bread, you have a standing order or let the grocer know a half-day or so ahead of time. Buying half a loaf is a popular custom, and more than one GI has been flagged down as he pedaled along the Avon in Christchurch and offered an unwrapped half-loaf by a New Zealander. Dining in the railroad lunchroom at Frankton Junction, you will get a loaf of bread, a bread board and a knife so you can cut only as much as you intend to eat.

View of Old Parliament Building at Wellington, N. Z.

New Zealanders are much more democratic than Americans, even though they are fondly loyal to their British king. When four first-class passengers on the Auckland-Wellington train asked the conductor for glasses, he told them he could find glasses all right, provided there was some beer in it for him, too. Inviting himself to the party, he explained that he was a CDD from the Middle East and proceeded to entertain with New Zealand jokes. Samples:

A newly hired conductor was so dumb that when he was told to pour the passengers' tea he emptied two gallons out the window. The same bloke was asked by an American officer why shoes put out to be shined came back one black and one brown. "Blimey," he gasped, "that's the second time that's happened today!"

One of New Zealand's fierce original settlers, a Maori, had a bayonet and was "chasing a Hun two-thirds of the way across Libya." A rabbit got in the way, and the German kicked him. "Get out of the way, rabbit," he cried, "and let a joker run who can run."

New Zealanders are not above a pun even in their store signs. An Auckland butcher has the front of his shop covered with a giant sign: "Delighted to Meat You." Another sign brazenly proclaims: "Renown Coal—the Hot Favorite."

New Zealanders admittedly take life easy and declare that as a result they are as good at 50 as at 30. An example of the leisurely tempo is the sign in the window of a Queens Street oculist. Instead of the American "Closed Saturdays," it reads: "We beg to intimate that this establishment will not be open Saturdays."

New Zealanders, in turn, are amused by American fondness for superlatives. Neither a university student nor a kindergarten teacher in Christchurch knew that it is the world's most southerly city of 150,000 population; what's more, they thought it comical that anyone should care. New Zealanders just go to work, come home, see a movie Saturday and maybe Wednesday, indulge in some sport, and that's about all. They don't worry about where they are in the world.

When two American soldiers came bowling down the right-hand side of the road, the New Zealander with me chuckled: "Ha, ha, that Yank! Back in the States again!" But this time the laugh wasn't on the GIs, for they pulled up beside two beautiful automobiling damsels in distress—on the right side of the highway. "Oh," the New Zealander admitted, "that's different."

For all the chuckles, New Zealanders have adopted many American ways. Facing the dignified Old World Cathedral Square in Christchurch is a tearoom that advertises "New American Novelty—Hot Waffles with Syrup or Honey."

PROBABLY some GIs will make New Zealand their home after the war, and as one elderly gentleman on an Auckland tram volunteered: "That's what we need—population. And you'd be the right stamp all right."

T-4 Lucien B. Tew of La Junta, Colo., driver for the colonel who is American military attache in Wellington, has traveled 26,000 miles up and down New Zealand. For a long time Tew seriously thought of staying in this country, because so much of it was "just like home." Tew thinks now that he'll go back to the States after all when the war is over, but he predicts that many American tourists will make peacetime visits to the "Switzerland of the South Pacific."

of the PACIFIC

"A little pub-crawling was part of many GI schedules." Sketches on this page were made in New Zealand by Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, YANK staff artist.

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Picnic at Sansapor

There were no Japs to fight when our forces leapfrogged up the New Guinea coast, moving 200 miles closer to the Philippines.

By Sgt. CHARLES PEARSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

SANSAPOR, NETHERLANDS NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—If there had been some ice cream around, the invasion of Cape Sansapor would have been a picnic. It was a surprise landing. Instead of warships plastering the beach to clear the way for the invasion craft, the LCVPs chugged in unescorted, hoping there would be no one ashore besides the usual hermit crabs.

The infantrymen poured out on the beach and nothing happened. No one shot at them and no one ran away from them. There just wasn't anyone there. Wave after wave came in and disappeared in the jungle. LCIs and troops proceeded up the beach. It was Sunday morning with the sun shining and no shot fired. A soldier wiped the sweat off his face and said: "Well, why don't we choose up sides?"

Two and a half miles offshore was Amsterdam Island and two miles farther out, Middleburg Island. A company in buffaloes went to Amsterdam and a platoon occupied Middleburg. There were no Japs on either island.

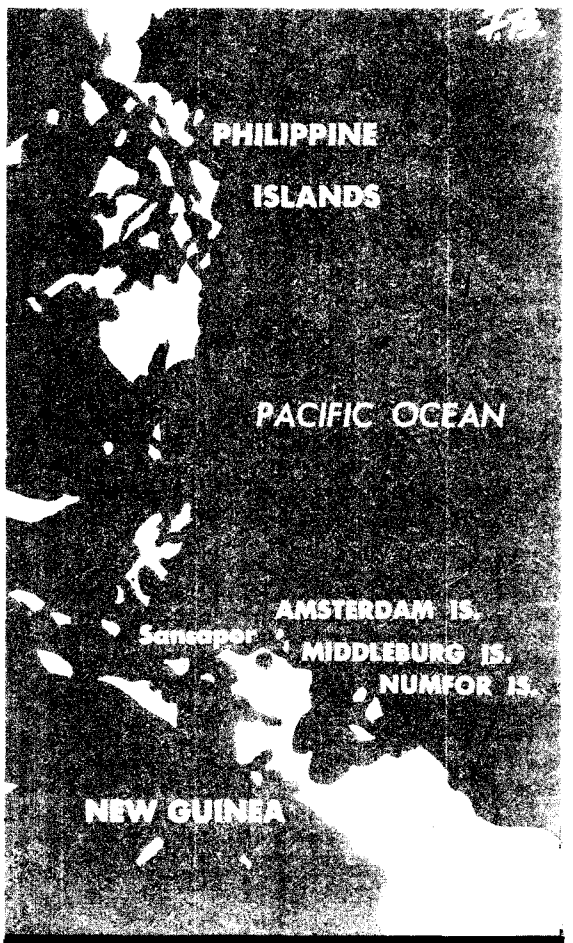
Back on the beach, GIs speculated on the whereabouts of the next landing, gambled with *guilders* and discussed women. A photographer walked by.

Up on the left flank, a machine gun opened fire suddenly, followed by a few bursts of rifles and tommy guns. There was no answering Jap fire at all. "Someone saw a rabbit," a soldier said by way of explanation.

Two young natives came up the beach and were chased into the water by a small barking puppy. Some ducks and trucks were using the beach for a highway. Five photographers strolled past.

A small force moving up the right flank to the river passed through a native village, and 10 minutes later all the natives were smoking American cigarettes.

Back at the landing point a whole platoon of photographers went by. There wasn't much of a battle but it was getting a lot of attention.



Cats and bulldozers were building roads and clearing the ground. Ack-ack guns were in position. A small fellow went past with a large white sign lettered in blue: TO LATRINE. The beachhead was civilized now.

Next morning a force left Sansapor beach in LCMs and headed up the coast to a small settlement, evidently used by the Japs as a barge-relay station. The landing was made a mile and a half to the left of the village. Like the first landing, there were no shots fired. Part of the infantry started for the jungle trail and the rest headed up the beach.

There's a peculiar thing about infantrymen. Whenever they march in, there's always some madman at the head of the column with a seven-foot stride, and everyone in the second half of the column puffs and sweats. It was like that here. As the force approached the village it slowed down and advanced cautiously. The precaution was unnecessary since a rooster, a hen and a pig in the village offered no resistance. The rooster was killed, the hen was captured, and the pig escaped.

We found the village clean and in good order. The Japs who had been living there had scrubbed out the place before leaving. They left practically nothing of value or interest behind. The huts were set in around coconut palms and some banana, breadfruit, kapok and lemon trees. Flowers, red hibiscus and frangipanni were everywhere, and it was the kind of place some bum who had never been there would describe as a tropical paradise. The heat was stifling.

There had been no air attacks thus far, and there was little likelihood that the Japs, who had been in the place and taken a powder, would return. All in all it was a cheap victory. No one was sorry about that.

This was not the first action for the troops who took Cape Sansapor. They had fought in earlier New Guinea battles where the going was really tough. The surprise landing probably was more of a surprise to these infantrymen than to anyone else.

The operation will never be made into a movie starring Dorothy Lamour. It undoubtedly will not make everyone forget about a second front. But it does bring us 200 miles closer to the Philippines and the Japanese jackpot. At the moment that's the general idea behind all our movements in this theater.

After taking Numfor, our forces moved into Sansapor. Eventual goal is the Philippines.

A buffalo goes into action on the beach at Numfor. The crew directs fire on Jap defenders who have dug themselves into the blasted rubble beyond the beach.

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Masses Against Rulers

[illegible] is pretty difficult to be [illegible] about the enemy—but I believe we [illegible] if we're to keep the peace.

The words Germans and Japs imply to me two distinct groups — the ruling policy makers and the masses of the people. The responsibility for Axis crimes lies almost completely in the hands of the former.

When we have won the war, we must prevent a recurrence of Nazism and Japanese militarism. The present leaders of Germany and Japan must be removed by imprisonment or death.

The masses of the people in both countries were victims of either totalitarian propaganda or fear. Just as the people were molded into following Nazi and militaristic beliefs, so they can be educated by democratic means to a decent philosophy of life.

True, the educational process is long, but its effect is genuine and lasting.

A Hospital in Italy —Pfc. P. CROLL

Modern 14 Points

HERE is a list of a modern 14 points for dealing with the enemy after the war:

1. Strip Germany of all the territory she has conquered—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Alsace-Lorraine, the Polish Corridor and the rest.
2. Give East Prussia and Silesia to Poland. This would compensate for Russian desires in eastern Poland.
3. Give Holstein to Denmark. It once belonged to her.
4. Give the left bank of the Rhine to France and the Low Countries for their security against possible future German aggression.
5. Avoid further problems by moving all Germans in other countries back to Germany proper.
6. Dismantle all German war industries and send this equipment to nations which have had their factories destroyed by the war.
7. Use German labor for the rehabilitation of devastated areas.
8. Completely disarm Germany.
9. Control German education with an emphasis on the ideals of peace, democracy and tolerance.
10. Encourage the liberal forces in Germany to lead the government.
11. Hold trials for the Nazi war criminals.
12. Put Germany in a period of probation until she has demonstrated her peaceful intentions. Once she shows these, some of the territorial and economic provisions imposed on her might be modified.
13. Form a powerful system of international collective security to check further aggression.
14. Apply similar provisions to Japan, except that in the Far East the big aim should be to make a powerful buffer state of China.

Italy —Pvt. SAUL ISRAEL

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS: What should we do with the Germans and Japs after the war?

Practice What We Preach

WE AND OUR allies must educate our enemies after the war.

The Germans are healthy and intelligent. The one trait that has always got them into war is the belief that they are a superior race. We will have to police Germany with an iron hand, but at the same time we must give the people an education in peace and democracy. We must encourage religion because without God's help and faith in Him no nation or man can truly understand peace.

Japan will have to be policed many years longer than Germany since she is a pagan country as far as religion is concerned. Since the Allies are Christian nations, we should, according to Christ's teachings, bring to the Japanese the true light of faith. We must also raise their standard of living because a nation with a full belly is a peaceful nation. We could also move in some peaceful Chinese among the Japs, and we could help the crowded conditions of Japan by putting some of her people on the Pacific islands.

Finally, we must for years see that the Japanese government is favorable to peace.

As American soldiers, sailors and marines we are taught to find and destroy the enemy. After the war, we must save our enemies from themselves. The best way to do that is to practice what we preach—peace on earth, good will toward men.

Alaska —T-5 ALVA E. ZIMMERMAN

Too Idealistic

WE SHOULD turn the Germans over to the Russians and the Japs over to the Chinese and support them both in whatever policy they may choose in dealing with our enemies.

The U. S. and Great Britain are too idealistic to deal with the Germans properly. Moreover, the Russian policy under Stalin's leadership has consistently advocated world peace so that Russia might develop. I'm convinced that the Russians could solve the "German problem" in a realistic, practical manner if not hampered by our western ideals. Too, Russia has already shown many tendencies toward a liberal type of industrial democracy, not necessarily capitalistic.

As for the Japs, I think this is our one hope of handling them:

The Chinese people have through all their history shown an amazing capacity for absorbing a large population. With about seven times the Jap population, they should have no trouble absorbing the Japs this time—if we let them move in.

Furthermore, the Chinese, never an aggressive people, would find Japanese resources very helpful in building a new China. We shall have to offer China economic and military support anyway. Why not do it under a plan which promises peace in the Far East and the eradication of an ulcer in the belly of world peace?

Fort Bragg, N. C. —Pvt. JAMES McCARTNEY

Turn Them Into Friends

THE only way to overcome our enemies, Germany and Japan, is not to be like them. The only possible way to get rid of them as enemies is to turn them into our friends. We must work, as has never really been done before, in cooperation with and for others, Germany and Japan included.

Even our prisons are slowly waking up to the fact that we must transform the wrongdoer as the only *real* way of making him a useful human again. Some will counter by saying that the Japanese and Germans are suffering from a collective mental disorder and must be dealt with in a different way. Usually this means they should be humiliated, deprived of self-respect and put in a subordinate position. Even granting this absurd theory, that is no cure for a mental sickness.

I'm convinced that if we treat Germany and Japan as equals—bring them into the family of nations immediately and begin to help them find themselves—the world's promise of peace will be realized beyond our most hopeful dreams.

Kennedy General Hospital, Tenn. —Cpl. FRAN LEWIS

THIS page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. Our next two questions will be "Who Should Be Discharged First After the War?" and "Should Veterans of This War Get a Bonus?" If you have any ideas on either or both of these subjects, send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll give you time to get them here by mail. The best letters received will be printed in YANK.

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THIS STRAW-THATCHED ITIE ESQUIRE SUPPLIED A MEN'S HIGH FASHION NOTE TO THE TRACK-MEET GATHERING.

SGT. FRED SNELL, HIS HAIR TOUSLED, MUSTACH AWRY, WEARS THE MAPLE LEAF OF CANAD

OFFICIALS, CAPT. E. P. SHAW AND MAJ. R. PILLEY, EXAMINE MIDGET STARTING PISTOL

The Mussolini Stadium, built by the chunky Duce back in 1939 to house (he thought) post-war Olympic Games, had its opening big show when GIs, changing its name to Il Foro D'Italia, held the finals of the Allied Track and Field Championships. The meet, photographed by Sgt. George Aarons, was not so fancy as the Penn Relays, but a GI crowd of 25,000 got its money's worth. For full story see page 23.

ALLIED ATHLETES MARCH INTO IL FORO D'ITALIA AS THE MEET OPENS.

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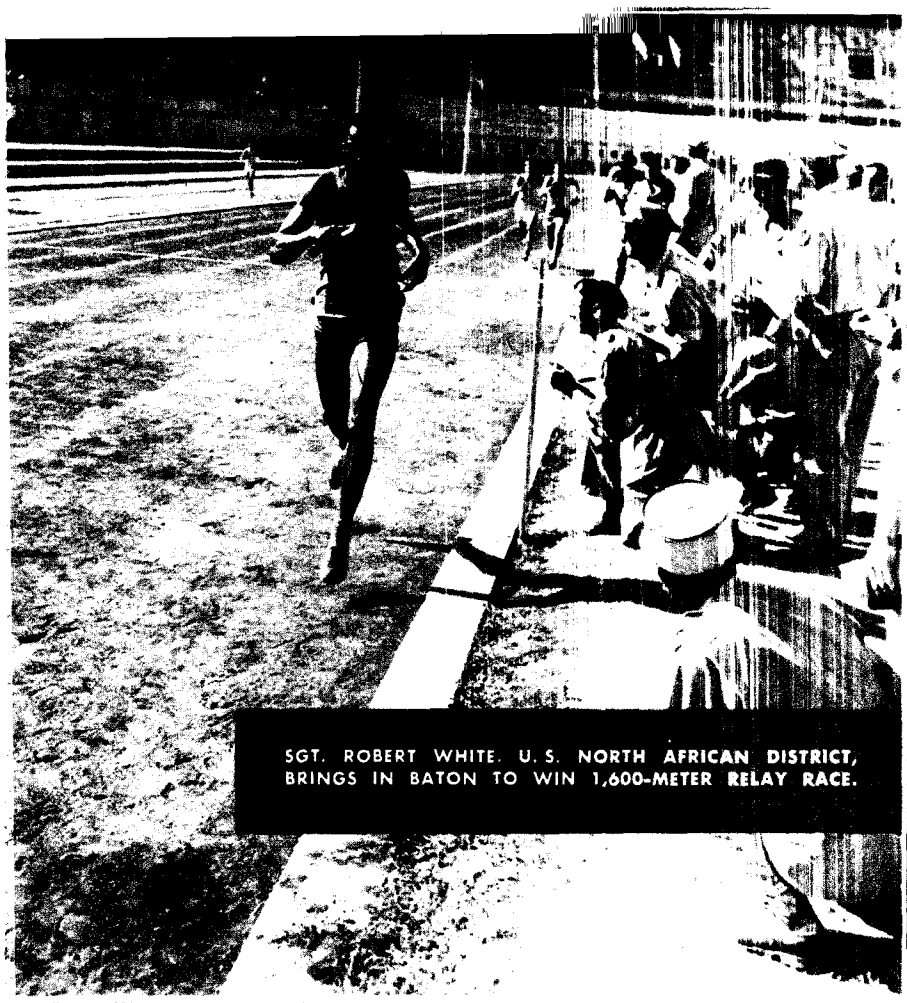
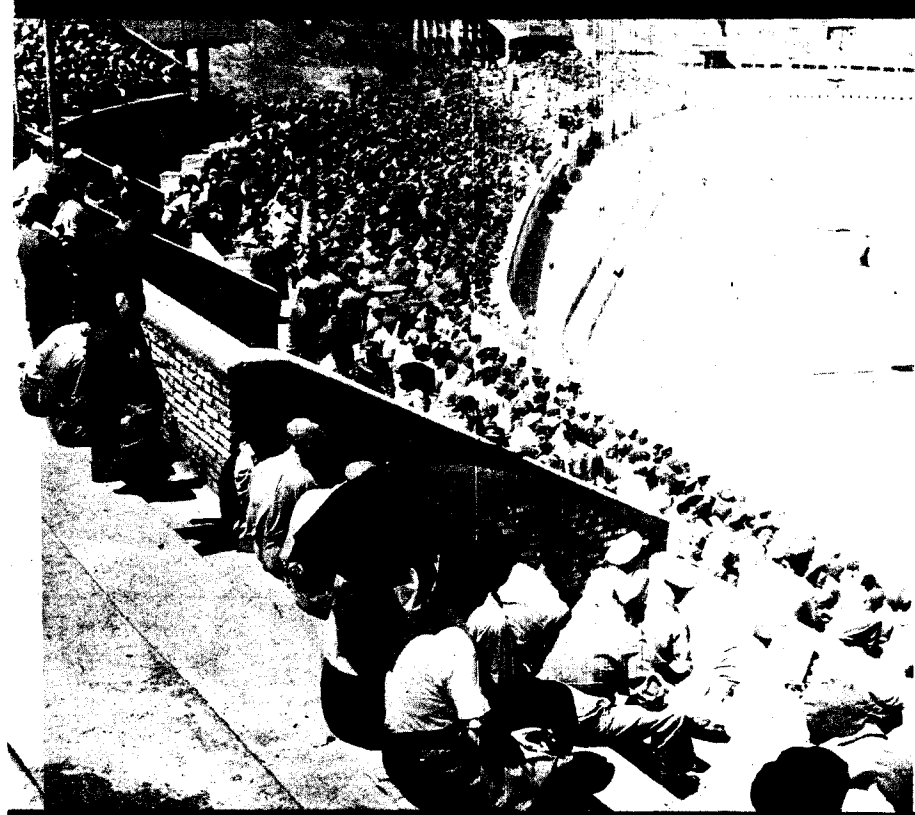


SGT. ROBERT WHITE, U. S. NORTH AFRICAN DISTRICT, BRINGS IN BATON TO WIN 1,600-METER RELAY RACE.

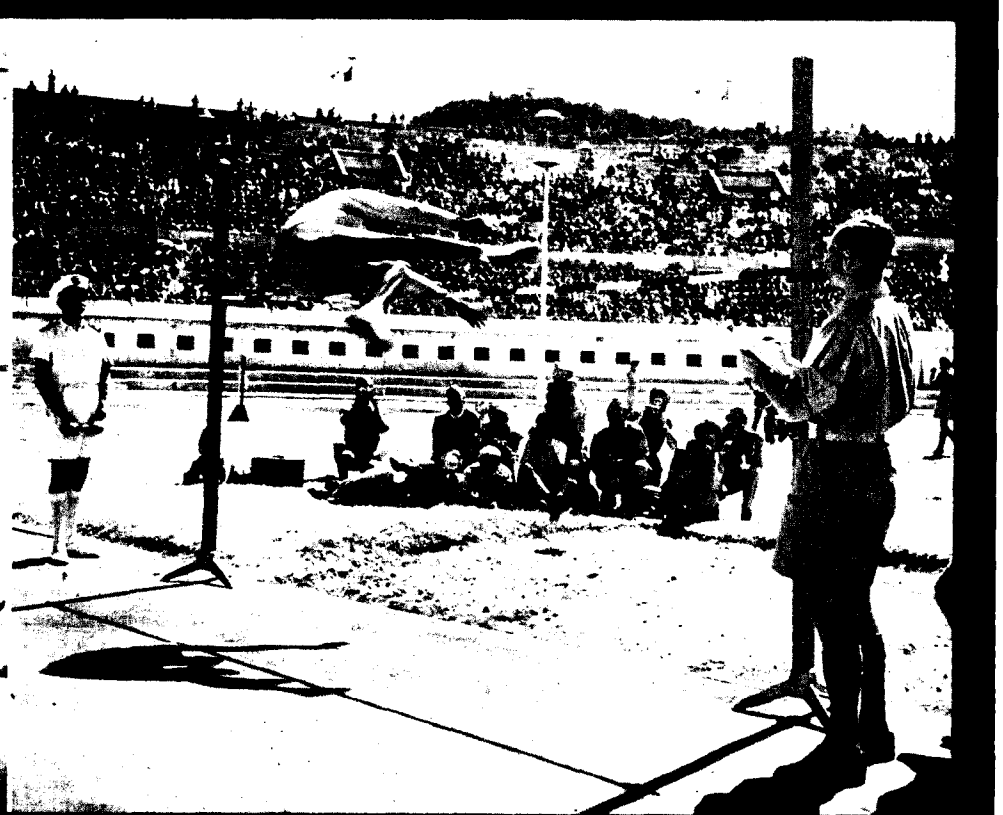
SPR. BANTA SINGH, AN INDIAN SOLDIER OF BRITAIN'S EIGHTH ARMY, SQUATS FOR A REST.

FLEET FRENCH ARMY TOP KICK, SGT. TAHAR BEN SMAIN, AN ARAB FROM ALGIERS, GETS A WARM RECEPTION AFTER WINNING THE 5,000-METER RACE HANDILY.

FOUR YANK STAND-OUTS: PVT. ZEMERI COX, PFC. DICK FORD, CPL. JACK REYNOLDS (100-METER STARS) AND PFC. WILLIE STEELE (HIGH- AND BROAD-JUMP WINNER).



LOCAL ITALIANS, COMPLETE WITH UMBRELLAS TO SHIELD THEM FROM THE BLAZING ROMAN SUN, WATCH THE PROGRESS OF THE INTER-ALLIED TRACK AND FIELD MEET.



WILLIE STEELE, U. S. ARMY, SOARS OVER THE HIGH JUMP AS A BATTERY OF PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOOT HIM. BRITISH OFFICER-JUDGE KEEPS TALLY ON HEIGHT JUMPED.

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MAIL CALL

American Superiority

Dear YANK:
Congratulations to you and your stand on "American Superiority." America is good, it is great, it is unsurpassable in many ways. But it has its faults: its Negro problem, anti-Semitism and a lack of democracy in many fields. We can teach others, we can learn from others. I know I have learned from the English, French, Arabs and Italians. The returning American should, to make him a better man, admit his bad qualities and rectify them. . . . These Limeys, etc., can teach those of us who have only known America that there is more than America to the earth.

Italy —**Cpl. H. ALEXANDER**

Dear YANK:
I recently returned to the States aboard a troopship on which American troops from Panama lived, ate and slept in the hold alongside men of Brazil's combat fighter squadrons. The contempt with which the American troops welcomed the Brazilians as traveling companions was disgusting, to say the least. Puerto Rican troops manning defense installations in Panama have likewise learned that American troops resent their presence and use of U. S. equipment—surely a sad attitude for soldiers who need every ally they can get to end the war.

Daniel Field, Ga. —**T/Sgt. SAM WEINER**

Dear YANK:
. . . Perhaps if all of us would keep before us the example of two famous Americans—Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee—we would find it less difficult to refrain from harsh judgments and to deal with other peoples generously despite their seeming inertia and repulsive dirtiness. For Lincoln and Lee were in their own inimitable and different ways great American gentlemen who in both war and peace practiced charity toward all folk.

Gulfport, Miss. —**Cpl. ELBERT R. SISSON**

Dear YANK:
It is a too little realized fact that the accidental factors of climate, geography and availability of natural resources play a vital part in determining the relative advancement of races. It would be a good thing if YANK would publish a few articles concerning the scientific findings which prove that the different races are basically equal in quality.

Bergstrom Field, Tex. —**Cpl. THOMAS E. TRACEY**

Dear YANK:
. . . If the Americans do not have a little superiority, why are they envied so? Although the war has taken away most of the luxuries, there is no excuse for going around dirty and living dirty. Soap and water are used just the same as before the war. The person who wrote the article said: "The Americans shouldn't judge them by the clothes they wear or the way they live." Clothes do not necessarily have to be bought in Macy's basement to be good. They could at least keep them clean. If they had the ambition and foresight they could be the same as the Americans are.

FPO, New York —**C. C. LEWIS MM3c***

*** Also signed by: H. E. Leap MoMM2c, M. F. Figero S1c, D. M. Roche S1c and S. L. Rogers S2c.**

Safe for Imperialism

Dear YANK:
Now that we are irresistibly blitzkrieging our way in the Pacific, we should ask ourselves precisely what are we going to do with these islands that fall to us. Are we to give them to the British and Dutch or are we to set them "free"? Or are we to keep them?

I hold that we should keep these thousands of islands strewn throughout the wide blue Pacific. This is our opportunity to demonstrate to the world the colonizing abilities of our democracy. We also realize that with the conclusion of the war, home production must find an outlet for a greatly expanded industry. Why not take advantage of such a vast market composed of 150,000,000 natives? At the same time that the American worker maintains a steady level of high wages producing for our Pacific Island Empire, the natives can be elevated to a higher standard of living than they have previously experienced. You may call it selfish, but is it not also humanitarian?

I believe that the thousands of boys who have given their lives in the Pacific will not have died in vain if we are able to lead these millions of illiterate islanders to a better and more civilized world. So let's hold on to Guadalcanal, to New Guinea, to Java and, by golly, to Burma. They are ours by our blood.

Bougainville —**Pvt. FRANK GENOVESE**

Political Platforms

Dear YANK:
Cpl. William J. Lee's letter [in an April issue of YANK] suggesting that the Presidential candidates be allowed equal space in YANK reads well, but it won't help the soldier cast a more intelligent vote. Nor would it be fair to the Republican candidate or to the candidates of the small political parties.

If the President of the U. S., as a candidate for re-election, should write one column and Dewey the other, the result would be, whether we desired it or not, a written criticism of the President in one column and the strange case of a Commander in Chief justifying himself to his subordinates in the second. YANK is written by soldiers for soldiers, and we are all required by the *Articles of War* to respect the Commander in Chief. To allow, then, the President to use YANK for election purposes would be unfair to the Republican candidate. And to allow the Republican candidate to use YANK as a vehicle to tear down our respect for the Commander in Chief would also be unfair. . . .

Camp Shelby, Miss. —**Pfc. ARTHUR A. NOYES**

Dear YANK:
Cpl. Lee's suggestion . . . is a happy and constructive thought and certainly should be aided by you. These be parlous times, and anything that will enable the men in the services to get a glimpse of the future through the eyes of a potential President is not to be disregarded. It can bear hardy and sound fruit if you heed the thought of the good corporal.

Bermuda —**Sgt. ARTHUR J. KAPLAN**

Prize Story

Dear YANK:
In my estimation your prize-winning short story "Fifty Missions" [in a May issue of YANK] was the worst piece of tripe ever printed in YANK. The writer must undoubtedly have a queer outlook on life. He causes a girl to love him but she makes herself inaccessible to his love. He doesn't want to return home but comes anyway. What an indecisive bit of twiddle-twaddle. The average soldier has a wife or sweetheart at home and he hopes to return to her someday. That is one of the things that keep us going. Must we, then, accept a prize-winning story in our own magazine that seeks to deny that hope? Surely there must have been other entries that were superior to this pusillanimous effort—one that didn't breathe the despair of anguished love from an adolescent viewpoint?

Camp Breckinridge, Ky. —**S/Sgt. H. E. TRENT**

Dear YANK:
I'm no Catholic. I'm Jewish. But Pvt. Joseph Dever's prize-winning story "Fifty Missions" really made my hair stand on end. Until something better comes along, that'll stand as my nomination for the finest love story to come out of this war. This *had* to be written. My congratulations to Pvt. Dever on a beautiful job well done. I wish I had been the author.

USNTC, Great Lakes, Ill. —**WELDON GINIGER S2c**

Dear YANK:
Just received an issue of YANK that doubly hit the spot—first, because any copy of YANK is more than welcome and, second, because the short-story-contest winner seemed to bring back a bit of nostalgia. Would appreciate a word or two anent the author. A Joe Dever I knew hailed from Cambridge, just outside the Hub of the Universe, went to Boston College, was editor in chief of their successful *Stylus* and spent six months (with me and 170 others) piddling around with radios and watts in Westfield, Mass. Far from being a technician, Joe kept us in stitches with his poems and short stories and his imitations. Then on to the Air Corps for him and a scattering around the world for the rest of us. A lot of this seems to tie in with "Fifty Missions." Is it the same Joe?

New Caledonia —**Pvt. STAN EPSTEIN**

■ The same.

Japanese GIs

Dear YANK:
Sgt. Winston Boothly's letter in a recent issue of YANK, in which he criticized the Japanese in this country, is unfair and confused. He says "it's a sure thing there aren't many of them who are willing to be in military service." That's not true. Many of us will be found fighting for the United States. We are just as American as the sergeant or anybody else can be. Don't confuse us with the Japs we are both waging this war against. We hate them, too, and mean to fight them as all Americans do. I'd like to point out that Japanese were in the thick of things with the 100th Infantry in Italy. Japanese-Americans have fought on many of the fronts in this war against the enemy of the Allied nations. In short, those of us who are in America and fighting for her are not the "dirty Japs."

Camp Robinson, Ark. —**Sgt. FRANK MIZUFUKA**

Dear YANK:
In a recent issue some GI made a few cracks about the new oriental-immigration bill. If I can recall the drivel clearly enough his general tone was "Of course we'll let the Chinese in, at a very limited rate, but the Japs are no 'count, never had a civilization and aren't to be trusted, not even those Americans of Jap ancestry." I wish to take issue. At this school we have several native Japanese, citizens of the Empire, doing a man-sized job trying to insinuate knowledge of their tongue into GI skulls. If they were to be transported to Tokyo they could expect short shrift. As they are very talented, intelligent gentlemen I see no reason why American citizens should try to exclude them from sharing in our citizenship. They certainly are finer men and better citizenship material than the sweepings of other parts of the world which have been pouring into this country since 1620.

Also at this school we have GIs of Jap ancestry who for the most part have longer service in the Army than 90 percent of the white students and are damn good eggs. Though most of their parents are in relocation centers or concentration camps, and though occasionally they get pushed around by white trash, they have no bitterness. In closing, I'd like to ask that guy who wanted to exclude the Japanese if he ever saw a Jap or is he like most Americans—calling the Chinese wonderful and the Japs terrible, and not knowing one from the other?

SCSU, Harvard, Cambridge, Mass. —**Cpl. ROBERT L. HILL**

■ See "Battle of Belvedere," pages 2, 3 and 4.

They Thought It Was Loaded

Dear YANK:
A few of us were looking through a July issue of YANK, and I think we came across a new weapon used by the armed forces. An infantryman is guarding two German prisoners while a second soldier is frisking them. What is it—a ray gun or a Thompson without the magazine? We thought that every picture in YANK was authentic.

Selfridge Field, Mich. —**Cpl. LLOYD L. ROBERTS***

*** Also signed by Pvts. Robert Wirk and Ralph Curtis.**

Dear YANK:
. . . Have they developed a new type of ammunition that us guys on this side have not as yet heard of?

Lake Charles, La. —**Cpl. R. J. WREN**

Dear YANK:
. . . It looks as though our Yanks have a lot of confidence in themselves when they can afford to guard prisoners with unloaded guns.

Columbia, S. C. —**Cpl. ERNEST HARRISON**

Dear YANK:
. . . Even a Hollywood director wouldn't make such a mistake unless it were intentional.

Blytheville, Ark. —**Pfc. GENE HUNZMANN**

■ A mere detail like this wouldn't stop a German who wanted to surrender.

Red Cross Loans

Dear YANK:
We've been in the islands long enough to get furloughs. We expect they'll start in a couple of weeks. The trouble is the fellows here have absolutely no use for money and almost all of it is going home in different forms of allotments. Now that furloughs have been sprung on us suddenly, we're caught flat-footed. Most of the fellows would give their right arm for this furlough, but it's no soap. The thing is, the American Red Cross refused us a loan. We haven't time to send home for money. To be perfectly frank about it, I think the Red Cross claims a lot of things that aren't true. If the Red Cross is everywhere like it is out here, some swell people have been misguided.

Southwest Pacific —**Cpl. MERLE O. DAVIS**

■ Red Cross headquarters says that there should be only one reason for such refusal — lack of funds. If that's the case, and the funds furnished the field director in your area are temporarily exhausted, get loan forms from him, fill them out and have them signed by your CO. Then bring them with you to the States, where the Red Cross will give you the loan. You won't need travel money until then anyway, because the Government furnishes transportation to a camp near your home town.

Those Permanent Parties

Dear YANK:
This may prove to be venomous, but we believe it is well founded. Through months of combat-crew training in B-17s in the States we sweated out the permanent party nemesis. Everywhere they got the good deals, the women, the liquor. Combat crews got nothing but the usual "chicken." It would be different overseas, we thought.

Now, friend, we are overseas in the good old Eighth Air Force (which is, I might add, no Sunday picnic). Tonight a fellow pilot and myself were accommodatingly tossed out of a dance. Why? Because it was the only dance on the post and it was for permanent party only. We had not had a drop to drink because combat crews can't buy a nickel's worth over here. Our club has nothing but warm beer; the whisky ration allotted to us is in the permanent-party officers' club. And they have their own little gestapo to guard their ill-gotten loot. Naturally we can't enter this zealously guarded haven unless we rank lieutenant colonel or better.

This could go on for hours with the injustices of this enigma, but V-mail doesn't allow. Is there an open season on stinkin' permanent parties?

Britain —**Lt. HAL BACOU**

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"Anybody want an apple?"

By Pvt. JOSEPH DEVER

THERE are three things to be told about A C Dewey H. Naggs: *(a)* he had no chest, *(b)* he was not a very popular guy, *(c)* he did not like apples.

Cadet Naggs was student commandant of the 1173d College Training Detachment at Wolverine State University, and that in itself was enough to put the polecat taint on him. But Dewey H. Naggs would not let bad enough alone. He had resolved to be a rigid disciplinarian according to the book, and woe be unto the mister who did not conform.

There were the concrete tennis courts over behind Abbot Hall, and you could walk off your punishment tours there any Saturday and Sunday between the hours of 0700 and 1900. You could go around on the sweltering concrete until your two feet sang with dull, augmenting pain. You could make your interminable swing within the chain-link fences while the rest of the gang went rollicking by with fluffy little co-eds in beach wagons.

Therefore, if you were a reasoning young gadget, and if you were fond of the week-end passes they so parsimoniously granted you all, you developed both a healthy respect and an unhealthy dislike for Student CO Naggs. You shrugged your shoulders and you thought of nicer things.

There was the nifty little co-ed with the lost-doe eyes whom you were going to meet that afternoon down in the fairylandish sunken garden. There were your incredibly beautiful quarters in Abbot Hall where you, once a barracks-ridden GI, could live in a sumptuous suite with a handful of other misters. There were tile showers, luxurious lounges and resonant boom-throated radios. There was a dining hall with walnut tables, white-coated waiters and impeccable aromatic foods.

Then there were the parades on Saturday mornings. You had stand-by inspection first. You stood by your taut-blanketed bed and your roommates stood by theirs. You and your room were immaculate, and when the commissioned officers came strolling through, followed by Mr. Naggs with a pencil in his hand, you stood immobile, and you knew that you were "sharp" and "hot" and intensely serious and solemn and dignified.

But someone had forgotten to dust behind the mirror, and there was good old Naggs, transcribing the merest tracery of dust into endless and hourly punishment tours for you all.

You shrugged your shoulders again, remembering that this was part of your training and remembering, too, that those tours would not go into effect until next Saturday.

"Squadron A, fall out," one of the satellite student officers would yell.

This was the time of thunder and fury. Squadron A, 300 strong, would be out in the area facing Abbot Hall within three swift minutes. Squadrons B through J would be out there, too. They'd rumble down the staircases of mammoth Abbot Hall, 20 oaken doors would explode outward and shower forth gleaming multitudes of trim, lithe human thoroughbreds. The bugle would sound muster with a blood-tingling golden fury. In 2½ minutes flat the solid sun-tan blocks of aviation cadets would be frozen stiff, machine-ready for Saturday-morning parade.

Then across the undulant green of the college campus you would march. There was Dewey H. Naggs up in front, haughtily leading his brassy, servile brood. And there was the singing and the golden blaze of the 60-piece band.

The co-eds in their casual, jaunty college-girl attire were rainbow riots of summer loveliness, and the misters were powerless to steal a glance at the girlish flowers that waved along the winding campus road. But Mr. Naggs would look: he'd turn around, ostensibly giving orders to the band leader, and he'd smile benevolently at the girls and add a little circumference to his extremely hennish chest.

Then the parade. All of you really strutting your highest precision stuff. The tickly catch in your throat when you heard the anthem and saw the colors breathing beautifully in the moth-soft August breeze. Naggs taking the name of a guy who brushed a mosquito off his nose. The kids who pooped out in the heat being lugged away in the meat wagon. "Pass in review" and the clean machine precision of your left turns and half-steps. The Air Corps song as you gave eyes right for the major and strained to see your girl, so very lovely in the tender morning sun.

"GOOD night, my lovely——."

Then it is 0200 hours. Mr. Naggs has just come in and he is standing by the charge of quarters, watching you sign the book. He takes your name because you are 14 seconds late.

"You'll walk for this, mister."

"Yes, Mr. Naggs. And may I ask a question, sir?"

"Go ahead, ask it."

"What time did you get in, Mr. Naggs? I thought I saw you behind me coming upstairs."

"Two more tours for quibbling. Good night, mister."

"Good night, Mr. Naggs."

There must be 200 of us out on the courts, and we are doing a lot of walking. Everybody is walking for some reason or other. Hey, there goes Naggs in a beach wagon with Miss Wolverine. Good old Naggs! And here comes my girl with another Coca-Cola, which she sneaks to me on our hourly 10-minute break.

She is very lovely. She could be out in a beach wagon with sharp cadets, but she would rather sit here and watch me walk. We'll be shipping to San Antone tomorrow, and she wants to come with me. "Wrap me up in a nice clean towel and take me to San Antone with you," she says. "I'll be so quiet and nice that Naggs will never know; and here's another coke."

AND now Squadron A is shipping.

The train is moving, and my girl is on the platform. All the co-eds are crying, and my girl is furiously making sign language and sniffling and trying to jam 100 years into 53 seconds.

Now we are off. . . . You, too, can be an aviation cadet! You, too, can leave your heart behind you. You, too, can fly without the heart you left at Wolverine State. Are you between the ages of 18 and 26?

We are eating apples after lunch. Naggs is up at the front of the Pullman. No one will sit near him or talk to him. He has no diamonds on his shoulders now; we are all equal until we are classified at San Antone as pilots, navigators or bombardiers. Naggs is a nothing, and he feels very awkward; I can see from here.

Suddenly he stands up in the middle of the aisle and holds up an apple.

"Does anybody want an apple?" he asks in a pleading, quavering voice.

All of a hit-you it is very quiet in the Pullman. You can, of course, hear the tap dance of the wheels and the rails. Just now I think I heard a particle of soot disintegrate.

YANK FICTION

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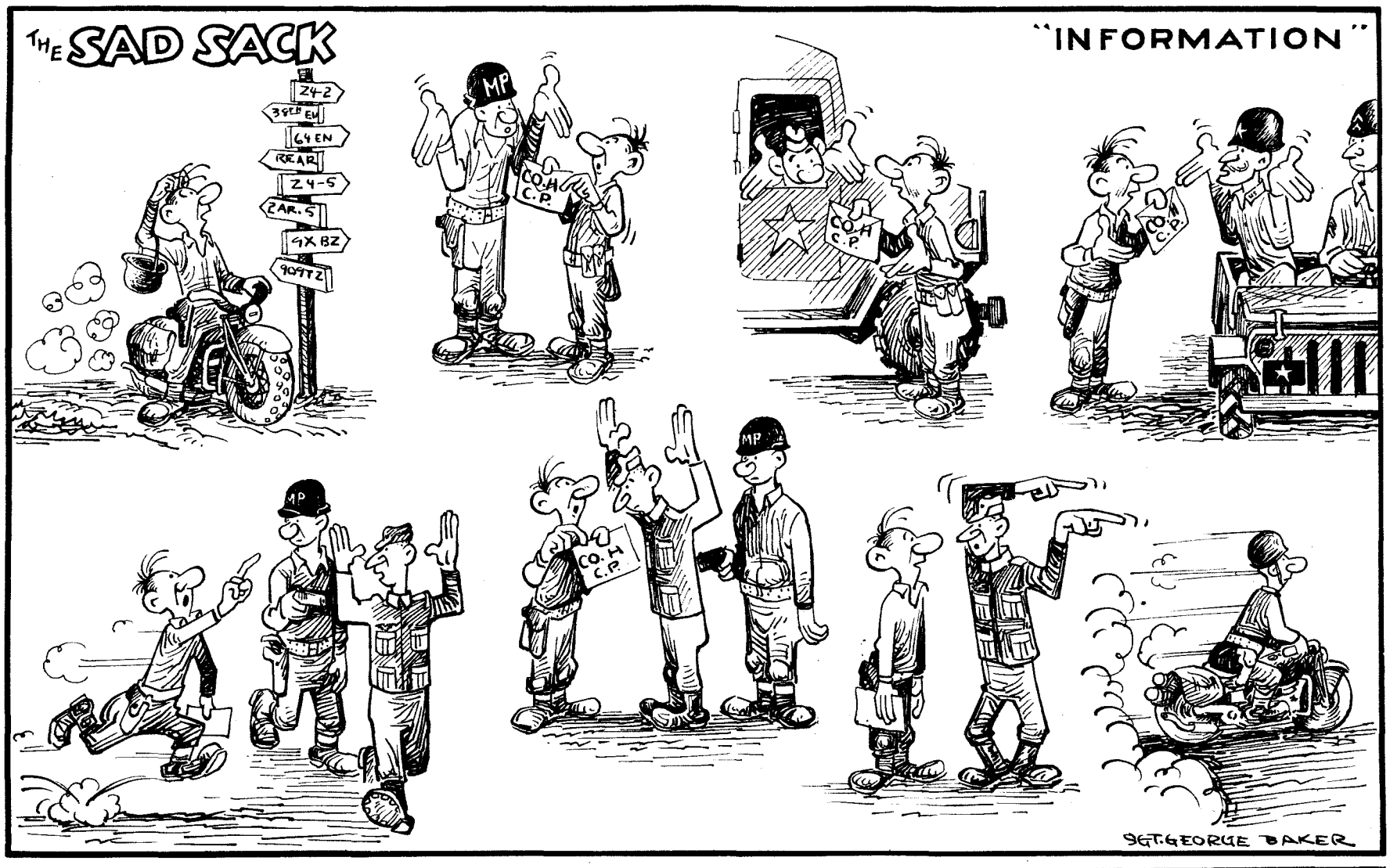

The HOT JEEP DEPARTMENT

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

HIS name doesn't make much difference, because nobody called him anything except Hot Jeep. What's more, he's too good a guy to have land in Leavenworth just because I want to tell his story.

Braidwood McManus, our battery clerk, was responsible for his monicker. Some of the boys from the ack-ack outfit down the road were over one night, and they asked what this character did in our battery. Braidwood, who has a knack for names that fit, told them that he had charge of the "Hot Jeep Department." So they called him Hot Jeep, and it stuck.

That was back when we first landed in Africa. Everything was confused; police supervision hadn't been organized too well, and it was a rare occasion when an outfit had the same number of vehicles at reveille that it had at retreat. Not that they were stolen. Nothing of Uncle Sam's is ever stolen; somebody else just uses it. When our outfit found itself with fewer vehicles than was called for in the table of basic allowances, Hot Jeep would go out and pick up enough to make up the deficit, with maybe one or two extras thrown in.

This was known as "moonlight requisitioning." Hot Jeep became so proficient at it, particularly at picking up the vehicle from which he derived his name, that he was not bothered much even by the padlocks and chains the MPs ordered as required equipment for every vehicle.

At one time Hot Jeep had been Dutch Schultz's chauffeur, but he got mad when we introduced him to visitors as a gangster. "The only rap I ever had against me," he would scream, "was when I voted three times in Waterbury at two bucks a pop. I wouldna been caught then only I forgot how to spell McGillicuddy, the name I was votin' under."

Hot Jeep was a technical sergeant and maybe he deserved the rating. The top kick always gave us that old business about the T/O when any of the rest of us asked about ratings. But Hot Jeep's work did not go unnoticed; we took inventory after we got to Italy and found we had 105 vehicles whereas our TBA called for only 25.

"The Old Man made me a tech the time I sneaked behind the Jerry lines at Gafsa and got him a *Volkswagon*," Hot Jeep would explain when anybody asked him about his five stripes.

More than commercial reward, Hot Jeep craved appreciation. It must have been the ham in him because he would talk as long as the boys would sit around and listen to his stories of how he "requisitioned" this or that item the battery had needed.

He got so good that the CO even loaned him out to his friends. All they had to do was let the Old Man know that red tape had them down and he would tell them to let Hot Jeep know what they wanted.

HOT Jeep probably reached his peak on a trip to Oran. It was a little out of his line, but he put it across. We hadn't had any PX rations for a month when the CO got word that a boat had docked at Oran with all kinds of supplies such as razor blades, candy, cigarettes and the like.

Hot Jeep was ordered to go to Oran with a weapons carrier and pick up our rations before the word got around to the other outfits and the stampede started. He asked to have another vehicle and another driver sent along with him, and the CO, probably guessing what he had in mind, told Sgt. Hardfeet, a dumb guy with no imagination whatsoever, to take a vehicle and follow Hot Jeep's instructions.

As we were able to reconstruct the story afterward, our friend Hot Jeep had Sgt. Hardfeet fill out the requisition slips for our outfit's PX supplies. Then when the major in charge turned to Hot Jeep and asked what he could do for him, Hot Jeep replied that he wanted to draw supplies for the Two-O-Sixth Field Artillery at Maison Carree, Col. Wilson in command. The major signed the requisition slips, and Hot Jeep drew the rations at the same dump where Hardfeet drew his.

They had been back from Oran for an hour or two and were sitting around with the boys when Sgt. Hardfeet said: "Hey, ain't you gonna take those rations over to the Two-O-Sixth?"

"Ya blockhead," said Hot Jeep, the rage of an unappreciated artist written on his face, "there ain't no Two-O-Sixth!"

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STRICTLY GI

Overseas Strength

THE U. S. now has almost 6,000,000 men overseas in the Army and Navy combined. Of the Army's strength of 7,000,000 officers and men, more than 4,000,000 are in theaters of war and Secretary Stimson has said that the total will pass 5,000,000 by the end of the year. The Navy Department, with a strength of 3,250,000, had 1,566,000 officers and men afloat or on foreign duty as of June 1 and another 900,000 in transit or training for overseas duty.

The Transportation Corps at the end of June had sent overseas more than 63,000,000 ship-tons of supplies. The ETO alone has received more than 18,000,000 ship-tons as compared with 8,900,000 sent to the AEF in the first World War. Every man overseas now requires one ship-ton of supplies per month.

Army Losses

Losses to the AUS through deaths and other causes from our entry in the war through May 31, 1944, totaled 1,234,000. The following figures do not include discharges of EM to accept commissions.

	OFFICERS	EM	TOTAL
Deaths	15,000	53,000	68,000
Honorable discharges	15,000	926,000	941,000
Prisoners of war and missing	14,000	52,000	66,000
Other separations	3,000	156,000	159,000
Totals	47,000	1,187,000	1,234,000

P-63 Replacing P-39

The P-63 Kingcobra fighter plane is replacing the Bell P-39 Airacobra in action. The P-63 is a heavier, more powerful and more streamlined version of the P-39 and has a combat radius 50 percent greater. Its service ceiling is about 35,000 feet and its speed is close to 400 mph, compared with the 30,000 ceiling and the 375-mph speed of the Airacobra. It also has a rating of 300 more horsepower than the Allison engine of the P-39. The armament is substantially the same in both: a 37-mm cannon firing through the propeller hub and four .50-caliber machine guns, two in the wings and two in the nose firing through the propeller arc.

Sanitary Corps Officers

The Medical Department needs 500 officers for its Sanitary Corps and is looking for qualified entomologists, sanitary engineers, bacteriologists, biochemists, parasitologists, nutritionists and industrial-hygiene engineers. As far as possible, qualified warrant officers and EM will be given direct appointments as officers in the corps.

M-Dog Mine Spotters

Specially trained dogs are now being used to "smell out" mine fields, lead the way around them or clear a path through them when it is impossible to by-pass them. Called M-dogs, they work on a six-foot leash and always with the same soldier. They have been found especially valuable in locating nonmetallic mines.

Malaria Rate Cut

The WD reports that the Army has a "good record in preventing malaria." In highly malarious theaters, the rate of the disease has been cut to a quarter or a third of what it was early in the war. The Army had fewer than 100 deaths from malaria last year and has had fewer cases of "noneffectiveness" than have been suffered by other forces in the same areas.

Army Nurses

Army nurses have acquired full military status by a new executive order of the President. Approximately 40,000 nurses are now officers of the AUS with the same pay and prerogatives as other officers. Before the order was issued, the Army Nurse Corps was an auxiliary of the Army and its members held "relative rank" with a subordinate status and limited authority.

The white uniform worn by Army nurses since the corps was established in 1901 is being discarded in favor of brown and white pin-stripe for duty wear. The new uniform, which has been used up to now only in overseas theaters, is easily laundered, does not require starching or pressing, has no buttons to be lost, is neat and trim looking and does not require extensive alterations for size as did the white uniforms.

SGT. PETE PARIS

SGT. PETE PARIS, who was the photographer sent to report for duty on the original staff of YANK when it was activated in 1944, was killed in action June 6 on the Normandy beachhead while he was covering the D-Day landing of the 1st Division for this magazine.

Before he was assigned to front-line duty in France Sgt. Paris covered the Tunisia and Sicily campaigns for YANK as an artist correspondent and photographer. The pictures he made at Maknassy, Gafsa, El Guettar, Licata and Troina, many of them by exposing himself to great personal danger, were some of the best combat photographs of the war.

Sgt. Paris was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sol Paris of Brooklyn, N. Y. He attended Boys High School in Brooklyn and Syracuse University, where he received a bachelor's degree in fine arts. He was a magazine illustrator and photographer before he was inducted in March, 1941. He trained in the Engineers at Fort Belvoir, Va., where his work as editor of the *Duckboard* publication of the Engineers Replacement Training Center won him a transfer to YANK when this Army Weekly was still in the preliminary planning stage. During YANK's first six months he worked as an artist in the main editorial office. Then he served as an overseas combat correspondent from November 1942 until his death on D Day. He was 30 years old.

Pete Paris

GI Shop Talk

Negro troops constitute 9 percent of the U. S. strength in Normandy . . . The Fifth Army Plaque and Clasp for meritorious service have been awarded to the 539th and 532d Army Postal Units in Italy . . . QMC plans to furnish every American prisoner of war in Germany with a generous portion of turkey for Christmas . . . A new immersion-type water heater has been developed to be issued with the M37 field range. It can bring a 24-gallon can of water to a boil in half an hour. . . . "Cut Is the Branch," a collection of poems by Sgt. Charles E. Butler, is the winner of the 1944 contest of the Yale Series of Younger Poets . . . T-5 Daniel B. Stoops has been awarded the Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service as a file clerk in North Africa.

NEW OVERSEAS SERVICE BAR. The two horizontal bars directly beneath the hashmarks represent six months' overseas service each. At the bottom of the sleeve are two overseas-service chevrons that were issued in the first World War. →

Washington OP

ADDITIONAL dope on the transfer of men overseas to the Paratroopers is that transfers can be made only in theaters which themselves have facilities for the training. Thus, a transfer does not mean a ticket home. Theaters that have no training facilities at present are Alaska and the CBI. In the U. S., transfers are now limited to 2 percent of any unit per month to avoid disrupting the units too much.

Something new in contests for servicemen is being put on to encourage kids to go back to high school this year. High-school enrollment has dropped from 7,250,000 in 1941 to 6,250,000 now, and some 2,750,000 boys and girls between 14 and 17 are holding jobs—three times as many as in March 1940. Feeling that most kids are more impressed by their brothers in uniform than anyone else, Catherine F. Lenroot, chief of the Children's Bureau, and John W. Studebaker, commissioner of education, are offering a $25 prize for the best letter written by a serviceman to his kid brother or sister telling him or her to go back to school. Copies of the letters should reach the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, or the U. S. Office of Education in Washington by Sept. 1.

Lt. Col. John K. Daly, back from observing for the Provost Marshal General in the ETO, was on the spot to see the capture of Lt. Gen. Carl Wilhelm Von Schlieben at Cherbourg and as a result is suspicious of the German brass. The night before the German general was captured he broadcast an order to his men to fight to the death. He told observers he was accidentally cut off while touring the lines, but that didn't explain how he had all his aides, orderlies and baggage with him when he was captured.

A special motion-picture crew, accompanied by Brig. Gen. Benjamin O. Davis, has left for the ETO and NATO to make two movies of Negro troops, both combat and service, in those theaters. The first picture will be ready in the fall and, like its predecessor, "The Negro Soldier," will be shown in both the Army and civilian movie theaters.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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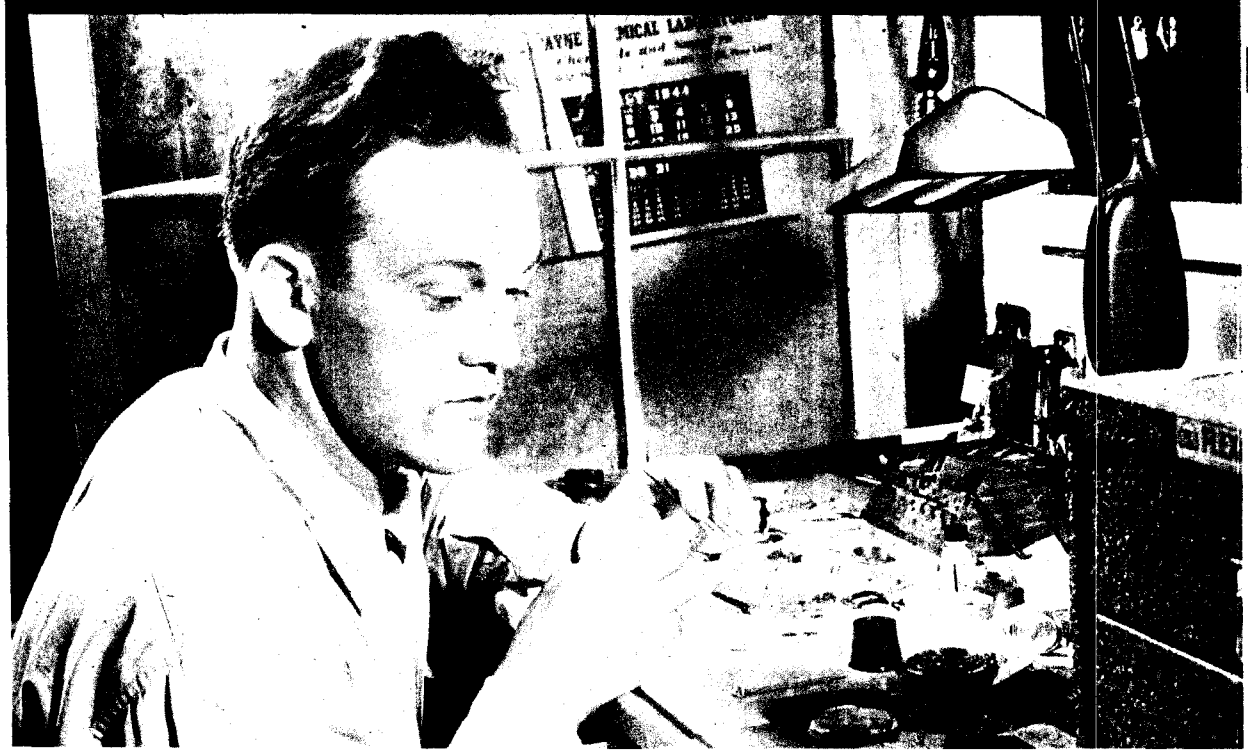
camp news



MADE IT. This pretty little first-base tangle took place at Bryan Air Forces Instructors' School deep in the heart of you-know-what. Lucky runner was safe.

Watchmaker Has No Time on His Hands

36th Street Army Air Base, Miami, Fla.—Try as he will to catch up with himself, Sgt. Lee Marple of Cumberland, Md., is always a month behind with his work. That's probably because his work comes from such scattered parts of the world as India, China, Africa, South America and the Caribbean Islands.

Strictly speaking, Marple is a watch-repair specialist for the Air Transport Command base here, but he receives work from all of the aforementioned places. It all started last September, the day he arrived at 36th Street on transfer from Camp Hood, Tex., where he used to repair watches at his commanding officer's desk after a full day of training in a Tank Destroyer unit.

First customer was a colonel whose watch had gone berserk on the eve of his departure for Africa. The desperate officer, whose combat assignment required the constant use of an accurate watch, pleaded with the PX officer to get his watch repaired somehow. The job was given to Marple at 2100 hours. Lee found the mainspring broken and installed a new one. By 2230, the colonel was on his way to Africa, watch and all.

Within a week after he had opened for business Marple had six cigar boxes full of watches, about 350 of them. He's been a month behind from the start and it would take six watchmakers to catch up. So he uses a priority system. Air crewmen going overseas rate 1-A.

Best salesmen for Marple are the ATC crews who fly to India and back. They arrive at 36th Street with watches they have picked up along the route to be repaired. Then it is up to Marple to have them ready when the airmen take off on their return flights.

In return for the long tedious hours he spends over his bench during and after working hours, and for the use of his equipment that today is unobtainable at any price, Lee receives an extra allowance equal to half his base pay, or $35, and is allotted 10 percent of the profits. The other 90 percent goes to the PX fund.

It is not unusual for a unit to bring in a dozen or more watches to be repaired and overhauled in 24 hours, as one unit slated to go overseas did recently. Marple worked until after midnight two nights in a row and had them ready on time.

Most unusual problem he has had was the handling of some work for a group of Chinese cadets temporarily attached here. They had purchased watches in Brazil, choosing them for their odd shapes and sizes. Marple repaired and overhauled them, including a German timepiece that hadn't been in production in 15 years. Chief difficulty was that negotiations with the sons of the Orient had to be carried on in sign language, since none of them spoke English.

Alarm clocks, contrary to their usual role, keep Marple awake nights. They're placed after watches on his priority list, and since most of the people working here depend on alarm clocks to get them to work, Sgt. Marple takes them home and works on them after supper.

HIGHBALL HAPPY

Fort McClellan, Ala.—S Sgt. Joseph L. McCarthy, senior field instructor in D-12, has come up with a slogan which, if followed by his trainees, will keep them from ever appearing on the mat for violations of military courtesy.

"If it moves," McCarthy tells his men, "salute it! If it doesn't, whitewash it!"

Well-Learned Lesson

Alamogordo Army Air Base, N. Mex.—Utilizing the instructions he had been given in a single class in arterial bleeding, Sgt. Jack Brownlow received credit for saving the life of a 13-year-old boy near Five Points in El Paso, Tex.

Sgt. Brownlow, formerly of Gainesville, Ga., was waiting for a car when he saw a child run across the street from behind two parked cars and get knocked down by a taxi. He rushed to the scene just in time to prevent a well-meaning woman from picking the boy up and moving him.

Sending the woman to a nearby store to telephone for a doctor, Brownlow took charge. He had the crowd stand back to give the child air and directed two bystanders to hold a coat over the boy to shield him from the sun. All the while Brownlow was pressing on a point on the child's left arm to stop the flow of blood from a severed artery in the wrist.

When the doctor arrived he was amazed to find the accident victim being so well taken care of. Telling Brownlow that his prompt action probably had saved the child's life, the doctor asked: "Have you had first-aid training, soldier?"

"No, sir," replied Sgt. Brownlow, embarrassed by the doctor's frank admiration.

"You mean to say that you performed all those first-aid duties without previous training?"

"Well," said Brownlow, "I just started taking a course in first aid the American Red Cross is giving at the Alamogordo Army Air Base. That's where I'm stationed. But I've only been to four classes and only one of them was on arterial bleeding. I don't see how a fellow could know much after that much training."

The Big Shot

Camp Haan, Calif.—Around the Unit 3 Dispensary he is known as the Big Shot. Personnel has him listed as T-5 Chester F. Singer, and he's been plunging needles into helpless GIs ever since he joined the National Guard in Chicago nine years ago.

During his five years in the Guard and four years in the Army, Singer estimates he has administered an average of 50 shots a week—which amounts to 2,600 a year or a grand total of 23,400 shots. His record for a single day was 1,500 shots back in Chicago while the Army was conducting a recruiting drive for one-year service.

Most of the GIs who faint do so before they ever get the needle into them, Sgt. Singer says. Neatest trick of his career, he claims, was when he gave himself a booster shot for typhoid, "just to see if I could do it!"

"That's All She Wrote"

Laurinburg—Maxton Army Air Base, N. C.—Every now and then one of those odd GI sayings like "Oh, my back!" pops up, and nobody ever knows how it started.

The current snappy retort at this AAB is "That's all she wrote!" You hear it everywhere—in the post exchanges, on the busses, in the chow lines, in the field.

Asked for an explanation, the editor of the base newspaper replied: "All I know is 'that's all she wrote.'"

Private Life of a Junkman

Fort Benning, Ga.—Every man has his hobby, and Pfc. James Smith of the 1st Student Training Regiment's Headquarters Company spends his spare time browsing around Columbus (Ga.) junk yards.

Sounds silly, but it makes sense to Smith. Before he entered the Army he was an expert metal sorter and grader back home in Portland, Maine. Smith helped his firm handle junk-metal contracts for the War Production Board. In fact, he and his crew were awarded a WPB certificate for preparing more than 2,500 tons of scrap metal for shipment in one month—something of a record.

"Tons upon tons of good scrap metal scattered around junk yards throughout America could be used in the production of essential war products," Smith says, "if there were only enough metal sorters and graders around to get it ready for shipment. You'll find everything imaginable in a junk pile. There'll be die cast, copper, nickel, brass, zinc, tin, lead and steel of every kind. All of it must be picked over and segregated. When that's done it is then shipped to the firms specializing in the different metals.

"Scrap metal is only good when it is put to work—by that I mean graded and shipped to points where it can be used over and over again. Gosh, I wish Uncle Sam had some junk piles and would give me a crew of men. I'd be as happy around one of those piles as a schoolboy with a pocketful of marbles."

Florida Fish Story

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Heading for what they hoped would be a couple of hours of peaceful fishing, T-4 George A. Cottom of Ann Arbor, Mich., and Cpl. Harold Thompson of Cincinnati, Ohio, jumped into a rowboat and made for the mouth of the Crooked River near the gulf waters off Carrabelle, Fla.

They were swapping fish stories when suddenly a shark came up and snapped Cottom's hook. After a short fight the shark not only went away with the verdict, but took with him Cottom's hook, line and sinker.

The next evening the two Izaak Waltons, armed with a shark hook baited with plenty of catfish, returned to the same waters. They dropped their line, the bait was taken, and the fight was on. Half an hour later they hauled the shark ashore. It still had Cottom's hook in him.

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S. C., just three days back from Italy, where this [illegible] entertained by Ed Wynn, the Perfect Fool of stage and radio. The comedian has toured many GI hospitals.

MELON MARATHON. Student armorers at Lowry Field, Denver, Colo., can work up a real appetite. This happy handful represents a recent watermelon-eating contest. Pvt. Jack Hunter of Muncie, Ind., won on speed and quantity.

Devil Dog Heritage

Camp Lejeune, N. C.—Sgt. Francis J. Cornwell of Brooklyn, N. Y., was destined for the Marines from the time he was born. Members of his family have served a total of 123 years in the 168-year-old Marine Corps.

Cornwell's great-grandfather and his granddad, a drummer boy, took part in the Civil War. The Spanish-American War found his grandfather, father, stepfather and uncle fighting with the Leathernecks.

With the exception of his father, who was with the Marines in the first World War, each retired after an average of 30 years in the service. His father died in his 23d year of service. Cornwell joined the Marines immediately after Pearl Harbor.

—Sgt. BERNARD BAROL

Tinker Field, Okla.—Sgt. Joseph White of Concordia, Kans., who has spent nine years in the Army, is one GI who has learned a trade he hopes to follow in civilian life. After serving in the Cavalry and Ordnance, he is now in the Air Corps as a locksmith. At his desk in the utilities section here he is called upon daily to open, repair or close locks of every description. With padlocks as hard to get as they are nowadays, Sgt. White has worked out a system for making one complete lock out of two unserviceable ones.

Deshon General Hospital, Pa.—In answer to the question "When, where and how was your illness incurred?" a GI patient wrote: "Illness—nervousness. Incurred—at the time of my induction into the Army." Physicians here are trying to decide whether the patient is the answer to Diogenes' search or a budding Bob Hope.

Camp Blanding, Fla. — Pvt. Joe Maese, now a driver of a headquarters staff car here, deserves a medal of some kind for tenacity and singleness of purpose. While he was in the Paratroops he broke his right ankle on his first jump but concealed the fact because he wanted to stay in the outfit. On his second jump he broke a bone in his left knee and also kept that fact a secret. In all he made 12 jumps and all kinds of hikes before he had to fall out, confess his ailments and go to a hospital. Operations were necessary by that time, and Maese was in the hospital for eight months. But he hasn't given up hope that he will get back into the Paratroops.

Northington General Hospital, Ala. — Pvt. Cecil Marks of Tupelo, Miss., and Pfc. Edmond Hill of New Castle, Ala., met during basic training at Camp Gordon, Ga. They shipped overseas in the same outfit, shared the same foxhole and the same C rations in Italy, and were hit by the same shell. Shipped back to Africa to the same hospital, they became separated temporarily when they were returned to the U. S. on different ships. Now they're together again in the same ward at Northington, recuperating from their wounds.

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla.—Pvt. Frank Olivenbaum of Brooklyn, N. Y., has driven his jeep 12,000 miles, or the distance to Calcutta, but he hasn't been beyond the camp gates. His assignment is to drive from the main gate to the hospital, pulling passengers in a "doodlebug" trailer behind him. That 3½-mile trip every half hour, six days a week, never faster than 15 miles per hour, would drive most soldiers nuts, but to Olivenbaum "it's a nice job."

Camp Polk, La.—S/Sgt. Dale M. Bowman of the 8th Armored Division Headquarters Company's tank section has never been overseas, but he's been under fire for months. He's the guy who drives an M5 tank across the range as a target while his buddies fire bazookas for record. The practice rockets carry no explosive charges, but they hit the tank with the same power that actual rockets would have in combat and give the same effect as a poorly aimed combat weapon.

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.—Pvt. Frank C. Monnick of Staten Island, N. Y., attached to an antitank company here, changed jobs when he came into the Army last November, but strictly speaking he still has the same boss. Monnick spent 14 years in the employ of Henry L. Stimson and before his induction had worked up to be personal accountant to the secretary of war.

Camp Carson, Colo. — Sgt. Frank Hillman of Howard City, Mich., and Pvt. Joseph E. Namoff of Chicago, Ill., traveled 47 miles to prove a point and win a $72 wager. Remarking that the mountain hiking and rescue work they had just done on bivouac with the 503d Medical Collecting Company was "not too rugged" they found themselves in an argument with their buddies and the wager resulted. To win it they hiked over Cripple Creek Mountain, climbing from an altitude of 6,000 to 10,000 feet, in eight hours without a break.

JP TO MP. Once he married people, now he harries them. Cpl. Joseph B. Felton, MP of Camp Adair, near Salem, Oreg., used to be a justice of the peace.

MOBILE MESS. At Camp Kohler, Calif., 1st Sgt. James Efinger has trained his pup Suzy to carry cans of C rations to men in foxholes.

POINTING HOME. At his old post en route to Coffeyville, Kans., from England, Sgt. John Barber chats with Wac Pfc. Peggy Bennett at Scott Field, Ill.

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What goes on in the ENTERTAINMENT WORLD

Crosby with the Crosbys who are scheduled to make their movie bow: Gary, Lindsey, Philip and Dennis.

A new generation of Crosbys will be launched when Bing's four sons—Gary, Dennis, Philip and Lindsey—croon and quip with Eddie Bracken in Paramount's "Out of This World." . . . Ann Dvorak, who gave up her screen career in 1940 to drive an ambulance in London while her husband served with the British Navy, will return soon as a Republic star in "Flame of the Barbary Coast." . . . Joan Fontaine tops the cast of "The Affairs of Susan." . . . Ray Milland got the star detail in the film version of the talked-about best seller, "The Lost Weekend." . . . Hedy Lamarr bows in on the RKO lot to take over a co-starring role with George Brent and Paul Lukas in "Experiment Perilous." . . . Columbia is building up a new cowboy star, Tex Harding, whose real name is John Thye, ex-Marine. . . . Elmo Lincoln, the original Tarzan of the screen, joins the Three Stooges in "Three Pests in a Mess." . . . Janis Carter has the female shudder role in "Tomorrow You Die." . . . Paul Muni plays Kulkov, the Russian guerrilla, in "Counterattack." . . . Nancy Kelly shares starring honors with Lee Tracy, now out of the Army, in a Jap spy story, "Betrayal From the East." . . . Bill Bendix gets the leading character role in the picturization of "Duffy's Tavern," popular radio show. Bob Hope, Ed Gardner (Archie), Charlie Cantor (Finnegan) and Eddie Green are also in the cast. . . . Marguerite Chapman co-stars with Allyn Joslyn and Evelyn Keyes in the mystery comedy, "Stalk the Hunter." . . . Next musical for Jane Powell is being shot now with Brian Aherne, Susan Hayward, Arthur Treacher and Hattie McDaniel in supporting roles.

Florence Robinson, former stage star, takes over the "Miss Duffy" role next season when Ed Gardner's "Duffy's Tavern" goes back on the air. . . . For the first time in the history of golf, a national open tournament will be commercially sponsored and aired by a network. The Tam-O-Shanter matches will get a one-day airing on Aug. 27 when NBC broadcasts under the sponsorship of the George S. May Company, Chicago (Ill.) industrial engineers. The network hopes to clear the 6:30-7 P. M. (CWT) slot with all its affiliated stations for the broadcast, for which the May Company is reported to have paid $14,000. . . . WLIB, Brooklyn (N. Y.) independent station, has been bought by the *New York Post* for $250,000. The deal awaits FCC okay. . . . Danny Kaye, stage and screen comic, will replace Groucho Marx as head man on the Pabst Beer "Blue Ribbon Town" air show starting Jan. 6, 1945 . . . Four Winston-Salem (N. C.) high schools will have frequency-modulation programs to supplement the regular teaching facilities. FM sets have been installed in Gray, Hanes, Reynolds and Atkins High Schools. . . . KSD, St. Louis (Mo.) outlet of NBC, owned by the Pulitzer newspaper interests, is the first standard broadcasting station to file for a television license with the FCC. Territory to be covered extends 50 miles from downtown St. Louis. . . . Jack Benny's new program for Pall Mall cigarettes will hit the ether from New York on Oct. 8.

HER mother was a Ziegfeld Follies beauty, so it's no surprise to find her daughter looking the way she looks on the page across the way. Marie McDonald, blonde, 5', 4", 110, was a cigarette girl, a model and a singer and dancer in the George White "Scandals" before going into movies. Her latest is Hunt Stromberg's picture, "Guest in the House."

BAND BEAT

Billie Rogers, former gal trumpeter with the Woody Herman crew, leads an all-male aggregation at the Pelham Heath Inn, N. Y. . . . Spike Jones and His City Slickers will be the first name band to take off on an overseas entertainment trip for USO-Camp Shows. . . . Herbie Fields, out of the service on a CDD, is lining up a 16-piece orchestra, plus a femme singer. . . . The Paradise Theater in Detroit, Mich., reopens Sept. 15 with name-band attractions. The house will play Count Basie, Earl Hines, Erskine Hawkins and Cab Calloway in succeeding dates as yet unannounced. . . . Peggy Mann has taken over the singing detail with Gene Krupa's band. . . . Woody Herman replaces Frankie Carle on the Old Gold air show (Wednesday, 8 P. M., CBS) until Sept. 27. Carle will take over again if the radio show remains in New York. . . . The McFarland Twins, after a year in a war plant, have returned to the field and are organizing a 15-piece band. The twin singers have added a female thrush to the band set-up to augment their own warbling. . . . Earl Warren, lead alto with the Basie crew, will break off from the Count in about two months and take off on his own as a band leader. . . . Abe Lyman's new band is booked into the Strand Theater in New York for 12 weeks beginning Oct. 1.

Billie Rogers

COAST TO COAST

Reva Reyes, Latin thrush at La Vie Parisienne in New York, recently introduced a song which has all the screwball earmarks of "Mairzy Doats." Miss Reyes came through with something titled "Eckily Scheckily Love." . . . First pretentious night spot in Little Rock, Ark., is the new Studio Club, converted from a vacated super grocery. Music is provided by Carl Meier and his Aristocrats, a St. Louis (Mo.) outfit. . . . Summer stock went blooey at the Lyric Theater in Allentown, Pa., after five weeks. . . . Ella Logan returns to the war fronts, having turned down vaudeville and musical-comedy commitments. . . . Dr. L. H. Baker, a Yale man who never played a game of football but is a bug on the subject, is bringing out a book on the game for Farrar & Rinehart. Baker will detail information on teams, individuals, attendance records, etc., since the beginning of intercollegiate football. . . . The Houston (Tex.) Little Theater has its $32,000 playhouse up for sale. Stock just didn't go. . . . June Haver has written a song, "Minnie From New Guinea," to be sung at Army camps. . . . The Frolics Club in Miami, Fla., is laying out a lot of cash on the barrelhead for name bands for the 1944-45 season. Jimmy Dorsey and Sammy Kaye have already answered the dough-heavy roll call and more top-notchers are in sight. . . . The former Ubangi Club in New York drops the outthrust lip motif for something continental. Renamed the Roumanian Village, the bistro will go in for two bands and continental performers.

June Haver

MANNISH TROUSERS OR FEMININE FRILLS, THAT'S STILL MERLE OBERON. SHE PLAYS MADAME SAND 19TH CENTURY AUTHORESS, IN COLUMBIA PICTURES' PRODUCTION, "A SONG TO REMEMBER."

Win, Place and—Oh, Brother!

Topper for the War Bond season was the bookie who appropriated an empty War Bond booth in the lobby of the Palace Theater in New York. The bet merchant did a good business (30 percent cooler inside) until a cop caught on to the pitch and dragged him away. The manager of the theater was served with a notice that bookmaking was being practiced on his premises.

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PX

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Wimpy's First Waltz

THE USO was pretty deserted when the Wac got there. But the radio was playing her favorite piece, "The Blue Danube," so she walked in, bobbing her head in time with the music. She stopped short and her heart gave a flop when she saw the three men sitting together in the corner, two of them with their pant legs pinned up where each had lost a limb. She had already turned to go when the third got up and slowly approached her, looking a little sheepish.

"Will you dance?" he asked her.

There was nothing the Wac liked to do better than waltz, and she hadn't had much of a chance to do any waltzing recently; so she just smiled, nodded and slid into his arms.

Several measures of music came from the radio before he started to dance, and she thought she felt his hand tremble at the curve of her back. Then he stepped out slowly and led her in a few plain waltz steps, sort of hesitatingly. After a while he seemed to gain confidence and began to put schmaltz into it. They whirled around, laughing and enjoying themselves, and when the waltz ended they were both breathless. They stood there panting and laughing, quite pleased with themselves.

The two men with crutches had been watching them dance, and when the music stopped they began to applaud and jump up and down in their seats like a couple of kids looking at a lighted Christmas tree.

All of a sudden the Wac looked at the guy who'd been dancing with her and saw on his face the queerest damned expression she'd ever seen. She saw a tear roll down his cheek.

"I lost a leg at Salerno," he said, "and that was the first time I ever danced on Wimpy." He gave the limb a nice pat, as if it had been a dog.

The Wac gulped. "Wimpy," she said, "has an excellent sense of rhythm."

Camp Swift, Tex. —Pvt. **BEATRICE SCHWARTZ**

SPTC Dental Notes

Fort Stoopwagon, Idaho—Maj. H. A. Golden, chief dental surgeon for the Slush Pump Training Center here since July 1902, has been awarded the Legion of Merit for the outstanding work his dental clinic has done in making SPTC soldiers the most perfect dental specimens in the U. S. Army.

Out of 400,000 soldiers here and over the hill, only 14 have cavities or pink toothbrush. Only one extraction has been necessary since 1927, and that was necessitated by a soldier's falling off a horse at Hialeah Park and chipping a bicuspidor, for which he signed a S/C.

Dental excellence has always been a feature of the SPTC, but not until Maj. Golden arrived did it acquire national prominence in that line. Before 1902 most soldiers here were in pretty good dental shape, but there were exceptions such as faulty gums, unaligned molars and persistent anagrams. Some men had false teeth, which they wore during inspection, but now most of the boys can smile just like Clark Gable.

Maj. Golden was born in Flatbush in 1844. His parents believed in the simple life, so the major didn't know very much about anything until his entrance into Vassar in the fall of 1927.

Since that time, though, he has gotten around quite a bit and today can whip up just about as fine a cheese souffle as you could find anywhere. He's known the length and breadth of Long Island for his tantalizing old fashioneds.

Maj. Golden is 173 years old, has a wife and two children and resides on the post at Fort Shoeshine, Ala., from where he commutes daily to his station here. Maj. Golden is a permanent pfc in the Regular Army.

Fort Bliss, Tex. —Pvt. **WILLIAM VERNER**

LOVE WHISPERS TO THE WARRIORS

Love whispers to the warriors
Crowding the foreign shores.
Her tongue is hopeful promises
Of dreams to be restored.

And as low she stoops to whisper
Into their confused ear,
She marks them with the cross of death
And wipes away a tear.

Fletcher General Hospital, Ohio. —Sgt. **JOSEPHINE PAGLIAI**

A SAD SACK'S LAMENT

How happy they who, 'mid life's toil and strain,
Can sit and chug-a-lug a dozen beers,
Can get themselves so fried they feel no pain
And leave their woes behind them like the years.
For these, the chosen few, life holds no dread,
For they can drown their sorrows in their wine,
Can get themselves well oiled and go to bed
And wake up three days later feeling fine.
For me, there is no peace in Bacchus' cup,
No thrill in pouring down those potent brews.
I take a drink and promptly flash it up;
In short, I find that I can't hold my booze.
And so, when I feel low and need a shot,
My motto's "Pepsi-Cola hits the spot."

Columbia Army Air Base, S. C. —Cpl. **DAVID A. TRAYLOR**

—Cpl. Robert Bugg, Moody Field, Ala.

TO THE ONLY ONE

With you, though we've not left this land,
I've traveled far and high. I've crossed
The endless clouds of stars that fill
The cold, dark reaches of eternal space.
I've trod the sun- and wind-swept wastes
Of the Saharan plain, and have seen
True beauty in smoke-smudged towers of cities
Big and small. And I have heard music
Where all was noise and discord once before—
Before you came.

My soul, once a philosophic configuration
Of my mind, was born full-grown
When first you crossed my way
So long ago. I did not realize or,
Still better, was not able then
To know how to walk with head
Above the clouds that mask all reason
And all thought in every earthly striving
Toward a goal. This you have done for me
By being you.

And so with pen in hand I sit
And try with all the power I have
To find the words to speak for what I feel.
But those mere words cannot express such
Deep emotion. It must be felt
By one who too can see
Beyond the walls of this, our ordered life
And see the beauty of the commonplace
And hear the music where all was noise before,
And such a one are you.

Camp Campbell, Ky. —Pfc. **ARNOLD KIRSCHNER**

THREE SHOTS FROM THE ZONE OF THE INTERIOR

By Pfc. IRWIN TOUSTER

"Official business operator. Morale."

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SPORTS: MEHL'S VICTORY FEATURES ALLIED OLYMPICS IN ROME

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL

FORO D'ITALIA, ROME—Five years ago when things were looking good for Hitler and Mussolini, the two optimists sat at a table one day and began cutting the world into halves. Late in the afternoon, so the story goes, Mussolini and Hitler began splitting up the world's leading events, and Hitler upon Goering's insistence demanded the Atlantic City Bathing Beauty Contest. Mussolini, who at one time knew a nice gam when he saw one, didn't give in without a struggle. Finally Hitler offered him the first post-war Olympic games.

The next morning Mussolini started to build himself the largest stadium in Europe, and not long ago the gardeners finished trimming the last green lawn. The first event has been held in the stadium but it wasn't the Mussolini-sponsored Olympics. It was the finals of the Allied Track and Field Championships. And to add insult to injury, someone changed the name from Mussolini Stadium to *Foro D'Italia.*

It was a nice afternoon for a track meet. The weather was warm; there were pretty Italian girls handing out programs; three different army bands—American, British and French—played all sorts of music; and if you looked hard enough you could buy a bottle of soda pop, an Italian version of Birely's orangeade that didn't taste too bad if you drank it fast. In the crowd of 25,000, high up in the gallery, was a fastidious bleacherite with a swanky straw hat. This Roman was the envy of all GIs. They could hardly take their eyes off his smartly thatched beany.

Here's Capt. Banks McFadden at the broad jump pit.

The meet wasn't any Olympics, but considering that most of the athletes came right out of the front lines and ran either barefooted or in tennis shoes, it wasn't such a bad afternoon. Two old-timers tried their hand in the festivities. They were Banks McFadden, ex-Clemson College track and football star who later played pro football for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Walter Mehl, former 1,500-meter AAU champ from Wisconsin.

McFadden, now a captain in a Special Service unit, managed to take third place in the broad jump. When Willie Steele went up and set the tape to 22 feet 2 inches, McFadden said: "This is where I came in. I just don't have the heart to ask these poor legs of mine to go after that jump."

The other old-timer, Lt. Mehl of the Navy, provided the climax to the meet and gave one of the finest performances of the day in winning the 1,500-meter race. The day before he had entered the 5,000-meter race but was forced to drop out at the three-mile mark because of a painful Charley horse. No one expected Mehl to come back, especially when it was announced that he had been laid up for three weeks prior to the meet with a pulled tendon in his right foot. But Mehl baked his foot under a sun lamp all morning and decided to run.

The former Big Ten mile champ broke eighteenth in a field of 20, then quickly climbed up until he was challenging Petty Officer Guest, British mile ace, for the lead. Mehl held second place until the last lap began, then shot into the lead and finished eight yards ahead of Guest. His time was 4:11.1.

One of the first to congratulate Mehl was Ens. Bill Bonthron, the great Princeton miler, who acted as field judge of the meet. Bonthron couldn't give Mehl enough praise. He was especially interested in the time of the race. "With little training, sneakers and a bum foot this kid's time was plenty good. Though 4:11 isn't sensational, remember Mehl has done this route in 3:47.9," said Bonthron, modestly neglecting to add that he himself has run the distance in 3:48.8.

In 12 events of the day the Americans won seven, the French took three and the British the other two. In team competition the North African District, composed of Allied troops from Algiers to Tunis, won by 11½ points over its nearest rival, the Atlantic Base Section. The Fifth and Eighth Armies didn't fare so well, though one of the brightest stars on the field was a Fifth Army dogface, Pfc. Willie Steele of San Diego, Calif., who holds the National Junior broad-jump title at 25 feet 7 inches. The California Negro easily won the broad jump at 22 feet 2 inches and the high jump at 5 feet 10 inches.

Ens. Bill Bonthron (left) congratulates Walter Mehl.

Pvt. Fred Sickinger, former Manhattan College star from Astoria, N. Y., ran one of the best races of the day in winning the 800-meter event. Sickinger, who won this same race two years in succession in the Melrose Games at New York, got off badly and was boxed in for most of the route. But he stayed with the pack until the stretch, then steamed in fast to win with plenty to spare. His time wasn't sensational, 2:05.2, but that didn't worry Fred. "With two days of training," he said, "I was lucky to break three minutes. Anyhow they told us we were here to have fun, and today I had my share. I even forgot the war, almost."

There is at least one popular top kick in the Allied armies after this meet. He is Sgt. Tahar Ben Smain, an Arab in the French Army, who captured the 5,000-meter event, lapping the entire field. The 40-year-old sergeant, with 15 years of army life under his belt, didn't think much of his victory. "With the war," he said sourly, "what is so great about winning a foot race?" His buddies thought it was great because they kissed him right out of the stadium.

Other pictures on pages 12 and 13.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Capt. Hank Greenberg nearly had the equivalent of a third strike called on him in China. A B-29 had crashed on the take-off and Greenberg dashed toward the wreckage, thinking the crew was still in it. The ship's bomb load exploded twice, once when he was less than 100 yards away and again when he was running around the plane searching for the crew. He was knocked flat by both explosions but was unhurt. The crew members had scrambled out of the plane before the explosions and were crouched in a ditch. . . . **Pvt. Fritzie Zivic,** the ex-welterweight champ, is conducting a campaign at Keesler Field, Miss., to make the Army safe for physical fitness. "For one thing," says Zivic, "we don't get enough calisthenics." Duck when you say that, chum. . . . **Capt. George Franck,** Minnesota's All-American halfback, floated around in enemy waters for 2½ hours after his Corsair fighter was shot down during a strike on the Jap-held Wotje Atoll. It was Franck's sixth bombing-strafing mission and he said he had a hunch he would go down. . . . **Jimmy Dykes,** the White Sox manager, got off the best crack of the season when he growled at **Umpire Bill McGowan:** "The trouble with you is, you've got V-mail eyes."

Decorated: **Lt. (jg) Ira Kepford,** former Northwestern halfback star, with his second DFC, after shooting down 16 Jap planes. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Maj. Connie Smythe,** manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs hockey team, during an enemy bombing attack in France. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Jackie Callura,** one-time NBA featherweight champ, by the Army; **Max Marshall,** slugging Cincinnati outfielder, by the Navy; outfielder **Chet Ross** and first baseman **Max Macon,** both of the Braves, by the Army.

NEW JOB. Pvt. Jimmy Bloodworth, ex-Detroit second baseman, runs a cleaning rod through his Springfield at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., where he is a weapons instructor.

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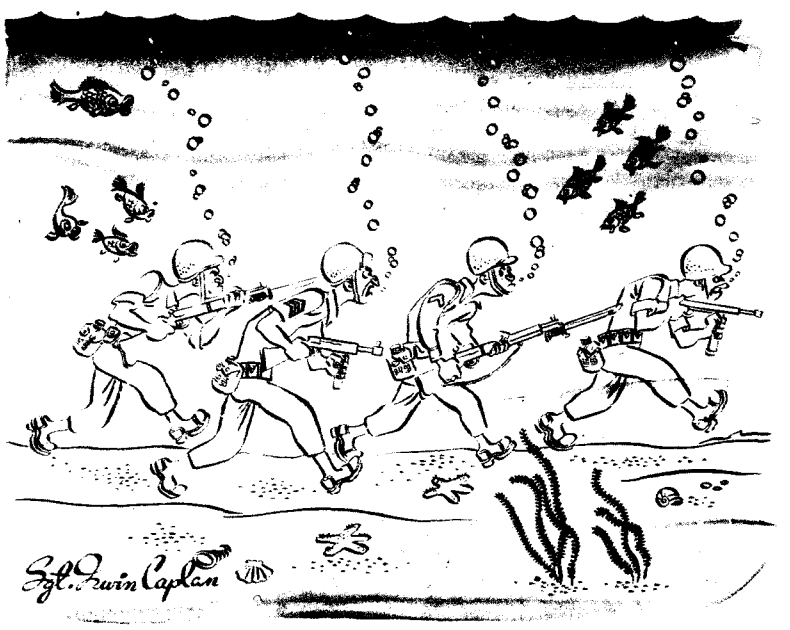
THE ARMY WEEKLY

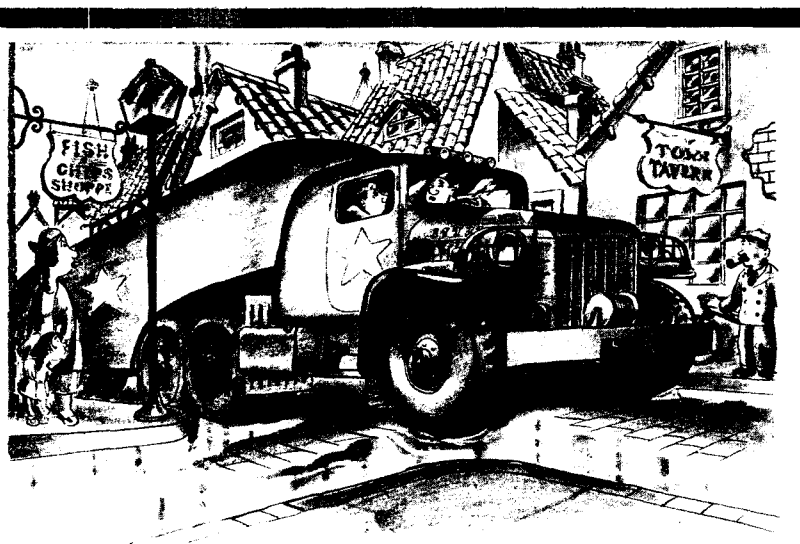
"I SAID CUT THE KIBITZING."
—Pfc. Joseph Kramer

"I SUPPOSE YOU TWO REALIZE THAT THIS UNION HOLDS GOOD EVEN AFTER CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES."
—Cpl. Ralph Newman

"WOULD YOU MIND NOT CRACKING THAT CHEWING GUM? IT MAKES ME NERVOUS AS HELL."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt and Pfc. Archie Ellis



"I THOUGHT WE WERE GETTING OFF THAT BARGE TOO SOON."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"AT FIRST I HAD A DEVIL OF A TIME GETTING USED TO DRIVING ON THE LEFT SIDE."
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery.

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